AWAKENING OLYMPUS MORDECAI ROSHWALD

THE NATION

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CALIFORNIA REVOLUTION 1

The Dynamics of Repulsion D. B. LUTEN

CURRAN'S NMU

Headquarters vs. the Men at Sea DORIAN J. FLIEGEL

India Campaigns

Cows, Corruption & Demonstrations

LLOYD and SUSANNE RUDOLPH

AMERICAN GAMES

SPORTS: FUN AND PROFIT ROLFE HUMPHRIES

THE JOHNSON SYSTEM MARVIN E. GETTLEMAN

AID OVERKILL SAMUEL L. SHARP

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LETTERS

numbers in the news

Maryville, Mo.

DEAR SIRS: The virtual blackout of the 18,000 who demonstrated in Madison Square Garden for peace in Vietnam seems in strange contrast to the round-the-clock reiteration given the "only 75 out of 1,800 eligible" who showed up for a draft protest in another large city. The important "news" about the seventy-five was rushed to me via my car radio during my vacation, but I had to return home and read *The Nation* [editorial, Dec. 26] to find out about the 18,000. *Joe Wetzel*

provocative aggression

New York City

DEAR SIRS:Your editorial ["When Will China Intervene?" Jan. 16] states categorically that ". . . our military planners have no intention of opening fire on China. . . ." Our military planners, however, have for years been carrying out against China a variety of actions so provocative that it can be stated with equal assurance that our military would welcome a situation where the Chinese entered the war without a first open attack from the United States.

The crux of the situation is the attitude of the USSR. By treaty, the USSR is bound to support China if the United States openly attacks. If, however, the Chinese enter the war without such an attack, the USSR is not bound to enter. So far the Chinese have put up with an unceasing series of major provocations, but as we are so fond of saying about ourselves, it may be that their "patience is not inexhaustible. . . ." I can hear the President solemnly telling the nation: "This unprovoked, premeditated act of aggression. . . ." We may not live long enough to hear the end of it. *Helen Mears*

use of silence

New York City

DEAR SIRS: It was good to learn from Robert H. Simmons' letter [*The Nation*, Jan. 9] that weekly silent vigils against the war in Vietnam are now being held in many localities. Your readers may wish to know that a two-hour silent vigil has been held at Times Square in New York City every Saturday since October, 1964—without any interruption for well over two years. These vigils . . . are now being sponsored by fourteen peace organizations. Anyone is welcome to participate (from 12:30 P.M. to 2:30 P.M.). *Otto Nathan*

plea for incompetence

Harrisburg, Pa.

DEAR SIRS: John Paul Scott, reviewing *The Territorial Imperative* by Robert Ardrey [*The Nation*, Jan. 9], seems more perturbed that a non-scientist should venture into his domain than in what this engaging writer has discovered and offered to the world. That is just the trouble with science and the growing trouble with *The Nation*. The world has been divided up into spheres of competence and God help the interloper who dares to think outside his specialty. We need more playwrights writing about science and more scientists reviewing novels. . . . *Robert B. Dennis*

correction

New York City

DEAR SIRS:My review of Giorgio de Chirico's *Hebdomeros* [*The Nation*, Jan. 23] mistakenly attributes the translation to James A. Hodkinson, who wrote the introduction. The publishers have informed me that the translation is anonymous, a fact omitted in the title credits. It's a shame, since it is also first rate. *Stephen Koch*

EDITORIALS

Romney the Rambler

When George Romney, the automobile magnate, held a press conference, the jaded newsmen responded with unusual enthusiasm. They came not only for the liquor and the luncheon but because Romney had something to say and could be relied on to say it. He spoke scornfully of "road locomotives" and called on Americans to buy compact cars. He knew what he was talking about, he left no one guessing, and he boldly committed American Motors to his concept. The only way the Big Three could fight him off was to imitate him. And, like any individual plugging a good idea with verve and clarity, he radiated personal charm.

If George Romney, the GOP Presidential aspirant, had the same qualities as George Romney of American Motors —if he had even a fraction of them—he would be a godsend to American politics. Instead he equivocates on the crucial questions of the day. Nowhere is this more evident than in his ambivalence on Vietnam. He has received a sketchy briefing from Ambassador Henry Cabot Lodge and he is leaving soon on a much publicized visit to the unhappy country. *The Nation* hopes he will return with something to say to the American people—anything, as long as it is specific.

Apologists for Romney say he has not made up his mind on a firm 1968 foreign policy position, hence the appearance of unmanly irresolution. When a politician is uncertain, he usually keeps his mouth shut, but Romney refuses to follow the normal course. He talks when asked, he talks when he is not asked, he issues dope stories through reputable political correspondents like David S. Broder. The more he talks, the thicker the fog. He has hawkish moments, then again he coos like a dove. He seems on the verge of calling for all-out bombing and to hell with civilians and the shipping in Haiphong harbor, but he stops at the verge. He feels the President should have secured a "broader understanding" of the issues before involving us so deeply. If this led to a sharp critique of Mr. Johnson's policy, coupled with ideas for repairing the damage, it would make some sense, but Romney does not come up with either specific indictments or specific remedies.

It is sad to contrast Romney of the later 1950s, kicking General Motors in the teeth and with two or three Ramblers in his own garage, with the Romney of today, trying to explain that he did not mean what the reporters thought he meant at any earlier press conference or interview, and leaving them more puzzled than before. But the trouble is not with Romney alone but with the GOP. One has only to look at Romney's own state. The Michigan right wing, which is now well to the right of Goldwater, hates him because he is not an unequivocal hawk on Vietnam and a complete troglodyte in economics. Richard

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Durant, the Grosse Pointe leader, brought in D. Bruce Evans of United Republicans of America to talk to Republicans in Bay City, Flint, Lansing and other cities. URA is for Sen. Strom Thurmond, Gov. Ronald Reagan, and others of that category. Durant is a former member of the John Birch Society. Then there is the 1976 Committee, which wants Ezra Taft Benson, Romney's fellow Mormon, for President in 1968. The 1976 Committee is headed by William J. Grede, a Milwaukee industrialist long identified with right-wing enterprises, and Charles R. Slight, Jr., a Holland, Mich., furniture manufacturer, like Grede a former president of the National Association of Manufacturers. Associated with them are Dean Clarence Manion; Admiral Ben Moreell (Ret.), chairman of Americans for Constitutional Action; and Loyd Wright of Los Angeles, former president of the American Bar Association and a right winger of right wingers. And this is only a partial listing of the gentry who are intent on building a fire under George in his own bailiwick. But if politics is too hot for him, he should never have got into it. He cannot join such bogus conservatives as these; they won't let him. What he could do is take heart, remember the past, and lay about him. Politics is not all that different from business. If he follows that course, he still may not be President, but people will again respect him.

Winning the Hearts of the People

Saigon is the capital of South Vietnam, but it is described by *Time* (January 20) as "a garrison without walls in a countryside alive with enemy bands." The U.S. lieutenant colonel who is head of security at the immense Tan Son Nhut airport says his job is "like defending a stockade in the days of the Indian wars." The U.S. Army decided that something should be done about it, and the solution in some respects resembled that which the Nazis applied in Lidice, Czechoslovakia, twenty-five years ago. There are differences: the Nazis shot all the men of Lidice out of hand and sent the women and children to concentration camps before razing the village. When our men set out in operation "Cedar Falls" to eradicate the settlements in the "Iron Triangle" north of Saigon, they shot only the Vietcong, and the camp is a resettlement camp. What is the same is that the four villages in the triangle have been leveled, and ours is a much bigger operation. Lidice had only about 500 inhabitants, while we have moved 6,000 Vietnamese, practically all of them women, children and old men, into what Tom Buckley of *The New York Times* describes as a settlement of "canvas-topped sheds thrown up on a wasteland," surrounded by barbed wire.

From this quarter, at least, the Vietcong will no longer issue from their tunnels to harry Saigon. However, some officials at the camp are said to be dubious. Except for the 286 Vietcong who were killed in the operation (a mere by-product), the rest of the men fled. In effect,

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we are telling these unreconstructed, and unreconstructable, Vietcong that we will feed and care for their families, however miserably, while they fight on.

What a dilemma—for us. And what further problems it brings to light. It has been suggested that the way to end the war is to clear the entire countryside of Vietnam and pave it, like a vast parking lot; then we can control the population. What even that would not accomplish, and what a succession of Cedar Falls will achieve no more successfully, is the oft-reiterated American objective of winning the hearts and minds of the people. The Iron Triangle was a bastion for the Vietcong, but it was also, in Buckley's words, a "fertile 60-square-mile area of paddy fields, orchards and rubber plantations." One of the refugees, a pregnant 24-year-old woman, said, "I was very poor in my village, but I didn't mind that. I wanted to stay." Her husband had been killed just before the evacuation. It is a strange way to win the hearts and minds that still survive.

Texas Ueber Alles

The Kennedys and the Johnsons are at it like the Hatfields and the McCoys, and the feud is heating up. During LBJ's delivery of the State of the Union message, the cunning camera kept turning to Senator Bob; a more limp attempt at applause has not been registered on TV in years.

The most amusing feature of the great vendetta is the way in which it has aroused the provincial passions of prominent Texans. It was foreseeable that LBJ would wait until the Hatfields had deployed their forces before launching his counterattack, but anyone knowing him could be sure that a counterattack would come. Nor is it a feeble riposte. The whole force and majesty of the greatest state in the Union (California may be more populous, Alaska have more square miles, but Texas is the greatest) has been mobilized in defense of LBJ. He is its highest avatar since the Alamo, and a lot richer than William Barrett Travis, Davy Crockett and James Bowie combined; thus he integrates the spiritual and material aspects of Texan pride. To lay rude auctorial hands on him, as William Manchester has done in *The Death of a President*, is to insult Texas itself. Nor is the Texas nobility of oil and land and space and politics taken in by the secondary feud between Manchester and his publishers on the one hand, and the Kennedys on the other. In the eyes of the barons, the Kennedys repented too late.

The orchestration of the Johnson-Texas counterblast cannot but command respect, however reluctant. They do things down there in such a big way. The big push led off with a series of Drew Pearson columns, larded with information that had all the marks of coming straight from Ole Hoss's mouth. Rep. Henry B. Gonzalez contributed his memories of the scene at Parkland Hospital; the horror and pathos are genuine, but have little to do with the feud. Then came the redoubtable Gov. John B. Connally, Jr., roaring that it was "common knowledge" that the trip on which President Kennedy was slain was no doing of Johnson's but of Kennedy's own making, "planned in the wake of polls reflecting declining popularity." By God, Connally will write a book himself, or have one written for him.

William S. White, a long-time Johnson idolater, writes in *The Washington Post* that Manchester's much touted book "turns out to be a pedestrian, if incomparably savage, exercise . . . in the sort of yellow journalism that was a great social problem fifty years ago." Sen. John G. Tower inserts this evaluation, so pure in its objectivity and sure in its historical sense, in the *Congressional Record*, and adds his own comment: "Dallas was and is a city of churches and schools; a clean and progressive community; a city of considerable style and erudition; a warm and friendly city unplagued by race riots or civic unrest."

In short, Dallas remains Dallas, and Texas remains Texas. Will it work? In a full-page *New York Times* ad, an editorial from the Dallas *Times Herald* is reprinted to rebut the slings and arrows of those critical of Texas. "Very patiently we have labored to close the wound," the editorial ends. "We wince only when the misinformed outsider rips the sutures." There are those who would have been willing to forget about Dallas and its gun-toters, its right-wing spitters and howlers, its morbid hate editorials and all the rest of it, but that was on condition that the Texans kept quiet about themselves for a while. Instead, their howls resound over the nation, and they rally around their illustrious son as if he were without fault. They may be doing him no service.

Why Not Hoffa?

The Teamsters' union has offered a $100,000 reward for information leading to the disclosure that the Department of Justice relied on illegal wire taps or "bugs" in securing the conviction of James Hoffa. William Loeb, the New Hampshire publisher whose newspaper once secured a substantial loan from the Teamsters and who apparently wants to demonstrate his gratitude, has put up another $100,000 on the same terms. But are either of these rewards really necessary?

In the recent case involving Joseph Schipani, the Department of Justice consented to a reversal of the conviction because illegal wire taps had been used. In this case the Solicitor General, Thurgood Marshall, stressed the point that since the Supreme Court exercises a supervisory role over methods used in federal prosecutions, he felt it his duty to inform the court of the taps. Mr. Marshall also said that the government had initiated an intensive survey of pending cases to determine if convictions had been obtained by "tainted" or illegally obtained evi-

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dence. Reports from Washington indicate that as many as 200 cases are being scrutinized as part of this general survey. This month, in a case involving seven Florida residents, Mr. Marshall informed the court that although none of the seven had been under "direct electronic surveillance," two of them were participants in conversations which were electronically monitored. This is the ninth instance in which the Department of Justice has volunteered a disclosure of this kind. Is the Hoffa case included in the survey? If not, why not? Have the records of the case been investigated to determine if any illegal wire taps or bugs were used? If Schipani was entitled to a frank statement of the facts, why isn't Hoffa entitled to the same treatment? After Fred Black's conviction (see "A Dirty Business," *The Nation*, December 26), the Department volunteered the information that illegal wire taps had been used. If Black and Schipani, why not Hoffa?

Blitzing the Consumer

The President is said to have readied a plan that will remove Esther Peterson, his adviser on consumer affairs, from the White House staff. In announcing her departure, the President will probably say that the work of consumer protection is being "upgraded" by being transferred to the Department of Health, Education and Welfare and that new legislation designed to protect consumers is being requested. Few administrations have been more adept—or cynical—about using new legislation, without adequate enforcement provisions, to appease aroused interest groups. *The Wall Street Journal* recently quoted a Negro as saying: "Passing a law with no teeth in it isn't much good. They gave Negroes hope but they haven't given Negroes what they hope for."

Consumers will probably find themselves in the same position. The decision to blitz the consumer was made as early as mid-June of last year (but delayed until after the election). "Though the Administration wants to be known as the consumer's friend," reports *Advertising Age*, "the outpost at the White House level has proven to be a political liability. Strategists feel it produces few votes and antagonizes businessmen. . . ." Mrs. Peterson had succeeded in inducing members of the Consumer Advisory Council to delete from their report some "incendiary references" to advertising, but when the report went to the President on June 12 a majority continued to insist on calling for a Department of Consumers. (In Canada, incidentally, a parliamentary committee has just issued a report containing a long series of consumer-protection proposals including the immediate creation of a Department of Consumer Affairs.)

"The White House," according to the same source, "displayed its anger by bottling up the report, even though most of it was unusually well done. When the report was finally distributed last month, it was mailed out without any covering observation by the President. Moreover, no one has heard about the Consumer Advisory Council since the report was filed. When the terms of the council members expired, no successors were named." It would seem to be a fair inference also that the President was annoyed by the active help Mrs. Peterson gave housewives in organizing last year's successful supermarket boycott. Yet when he appointed Mrs. Peterson to the post three years ago he announced that he had made the move to "assure that the voice of the consumer will be loud, clear and uncompromising in the White House." Apparently it was so loud, clear and uncompromising that it gave him an earache.

California Revolution 1

The simplest, least disputable thing to say about California, now our most populous state, is that it is, and always has been, a revolution. Revolutions, of course, are creative and destructive, and just now it is important to take a look at the startling gains and distressing reversals which the ongoing California revolution has left in its wake since 1945. Such a survey is imperative not merely because of California's increasingly important role in national affairs but because it provides a prevision of things to come. Recently the B.B.C., desiring to project a vision of the 21st century, presented a television documentary entitled "California: Year 2000." Some of the British critics came up with better titles: "Our Californian Future" was one. In general, the critics wrote glowing notices, but one, Nancy Banks-Smith, was obviously appalled by the vision. "With a spot of luck," she wrote, "I hope to die before it happens!"

But whatever feelings one may have in surveying the post-1945 scene, reflection is in order, for California is the future. So The Nation *has projected a series which describes certain salient aspects of the accelerating California revolution in the period since 1945, the advances and reversals, the fine creative achievements and the mindless destruction. The series will be published in book form later in the year by Grossman Publishers. We cannot say how many articles in the series we shall be able to publish in these pages—pressure for space being what it is—but we shall publish a good sample. Included in the series are: "Disney's Fantasy Empire" by John Bright; "The Rebel Arts" by James Schevill; "California's 'Instant Cities'" by Theodore Roszak; "Revolution by Internal Combustion: California and the Automobile" by Richard Lillard; "The Freeway Revolt" by Samuel E. Wood; "California: Laboratory for Social Change" by Jennifer*

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Cross; "Santa Cruz: A Workable Utopia" by James P. Degnan; "The Education Explosion" by Mel Wax; "The Aerospace Industry" by Wesley Marx; "Revolution on California Soil" by Richard Lillard; "Water: The California Paradox" by Howard F. Gregor; "California Politics" by Gladwin Hill; "The Bloodiest Ballot" by Art Seidenbaum; "The Sierra Club" by Scott Thurber; "The Awareness Cults" by Donovan Bess; "The Cultural Scene" by Robert Kirsch, and "California and Australia" by R. T. Appleyard.—C. McW.

THE DYNAMICS OF REPULSION

D. B. LUTEN

Though a chemist for most of his professional life, Mr. Luten is now a lecturer in geography at the University of California. His particular concerns are the interaction of populations with natural resources and the rise of the conservation movement.

Edmund G. Brown, when he was governor, would speak with enthusiasm in election years of the growth of California. In the alternate, budget, years, he spoke with concern of the numbers problem. Late in the evening of November 8, 1966, when he conceded the election to Ronald Reagan, his own feelings were not in evidence. But Mrs. Brown stood by his side with an undisguised grin on her face. One wonders if she was thinking about 1967, a budget year. One also wonders how other Americans, the one-tenth who are Californians and the nine-tenths who are not, should look at the problems of California and its growth.

Everyone knows that California grows, and it is common to think of this as a recent phenomenon. Thus, the increase of 3.5 million (from 15.7 million in April, 1960, to 19.2 million in July, 1966) is greater than that witnessed in any other 6-year period for California or any other state. Again, between 1940 and 1950, the population grew by 5 million—surely a state record for a decade and as sure to be broken in 1970.

However, there is another way to look at population growth, a way we use all the time in other contexts. This is to measure the annual increase as a percentage of the existing population. For comparisons, it seems more rational. For instance, you will jeer at me if I say, "Imagine, the Rockefellers made a million dollars from their investments last year!" But you will be impressed if I say, "J. Doe made a million last year on a capital of $10,000." So, also, an increase in Wyoming's population by 5 million would be more startling (and more traumatic) than the California growth.

It may be objected that California's growth is not all internally generated; the major part of it has always been by immigration, some from foreign countries, most from other states. Thus, while growth before 1849 was internally generated and small, with the gold rush it became enormous. Putting aside qualms on this score, how has the state grown?

The record is unexpected: viewed broadly, the growth rate of California's population has been constant for a century. While it has grown more rapidly in one decade than another, ranging from least (2 per cent) in the depression to greatest (5.2 per cent) in the 1920s, if you look at the entire interval from 1860 to 1960, the tale is simple: the population, on the average, has grown at 3.8 per cent per year, doubling each 18.5 years, over the century. The increase totals more than 40-fold. The slow decades and the fast decades were so closely associated that the overall trend is one of spectacular regularity. The 1890s were slow but were followed by the prosperous 1900s and the deficit in numbers was made up. The depression was a period of low birth rates and, contrary to popular belief, also of low immigration. But it was preceded by the 1920s, with heavy immigration, so that by 1930 the population was "ahead of the curve." Then followed the war decade which made up the deficit, so that by 1950 the state was back on the curve. And it stayed there in 1960.

Natural increase has ranged 8-fold from a low of approximately 0.3 per cent per year for the depression decade to a high of about 2 per cent in the 1870s. The general trend has been one of slow decline, with a sharp drop in the 1930s, followed by a postwar upsurge almost to the level of a century ago. During most of these hundred years, Warren Thompson has calculated, families were too small to have maintained a constant population had immigration ceased.

Immigration, surprisingly, has varied less, ranging from a low of a little over 1 per cent per year in the 1890s to a high of more than 4 per cent in the 1920s. It has always carried the burden of growth, providing from 55 per cent (1870s) to 85 per cent (1930s).

When one looks at the state regionally, similar irregularities appear. In 1860, a third of all Californians lived in the San Francisco Bay Area and another third in the Sierra foothill gold country. Less than 5 per cent were in the south coastal region. Today, the Bay Area has shrunk to a fifth, the mountain counties to less than 5 per cent, while the south coast has grown to half.

So much for the past. Today, many of the trends persist. First, California's birth rate remains lower, but only a shade lower, than the nation's, and it has declined, as has the nation's, from a postwar peak in 1957. From this high of almost 25 infants annually per 1,000 persons in California, and just over 25 for the nation, the rate dropped in 1964 to 20.6 for California and 21.7 for the United States. Whether it will rise again within the next few years, when the postwar babies marry, is still uncertain. Californians will probably continue to have slightly smaller families than Americans as a whole.

Second, distribution of growth within the state con-

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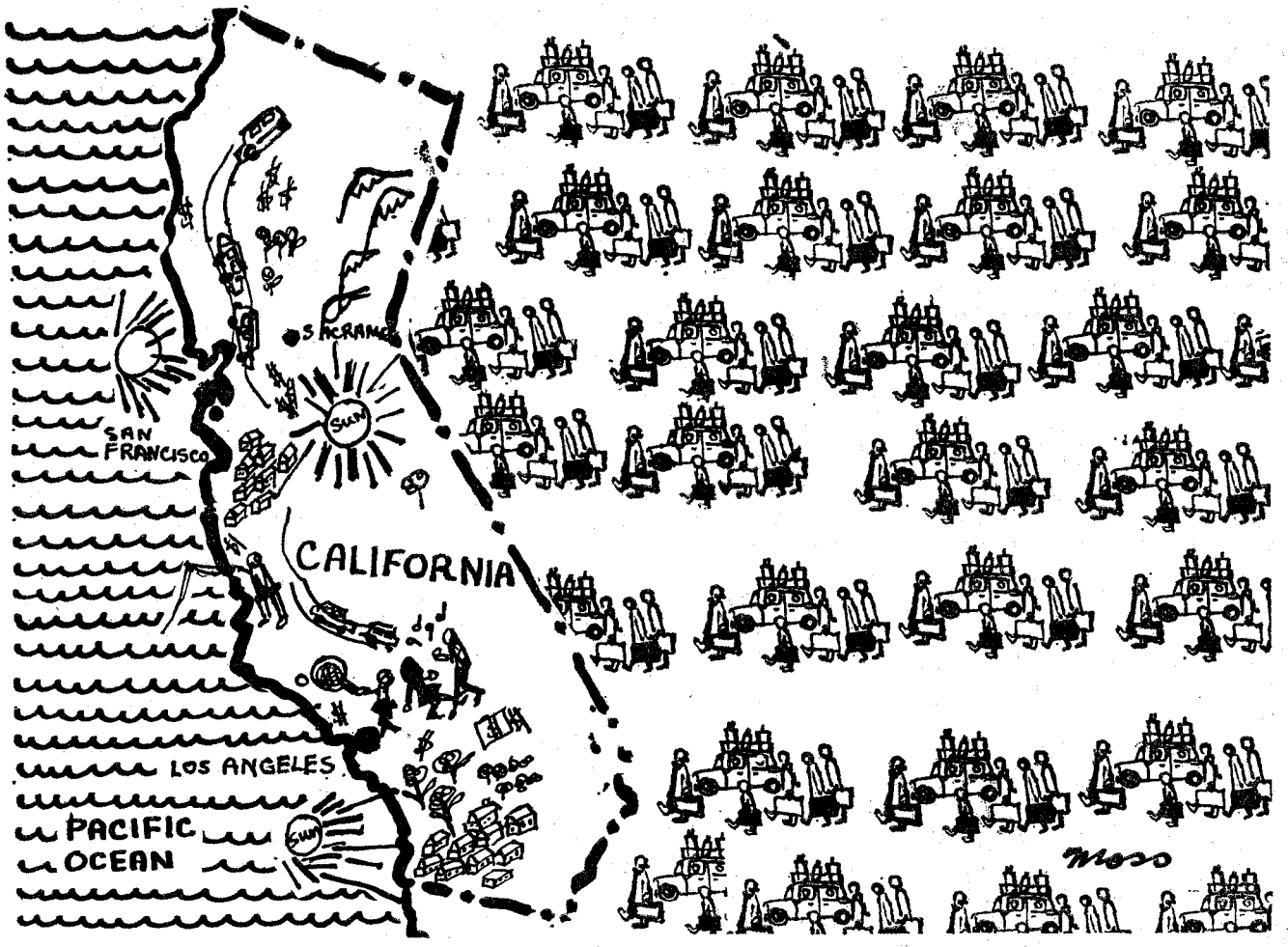
tinues to deviate widely from the average. Between 1960 and 1965, Orange County on the fringe of Los Angeles grew at 10 per cent per year, while five other counties had a very slight population loss. Four of these counties, in the northern Sierra Nevada, were small. The fifth is San Francisco, city and county, so urban that increasing metropolitan functions leave less and less room for living. Los Angeles County grows at about the rate for the entire state; the San Francisco Bay Area grows more slowly. Suburban counties grow more rapidly. All of these trends are plausible.

Although doubts may be voiced as to the urbanity of California's cities, statistically it is the least rural of the states. Close to 90 per cent of its residents are classed as urban. Among the many causes which could be cited the most obvious is the mechanization and low manpower requirement of its extractive industries. Do not, though, overlook the effect on the great cities of national publicity. With immigration providing the bulk of growth and immigrants educated by press and TV, growth gravitates to massive centers. Everyone in New York has heard of Los Angeles, but how many know of Placerville?

Third, age distribution in California is not as usually imagined: compared to the United States as a whole, California is a little deficient in elderly folk and has a small surplus of young adults.

Fourth, it is commonly thought that migrants become more and more the disadvantaged, the deprived, the poor, who escape from a bad into what they hope will be a better environment. Whether this is so I cannot say. At one time it appeared that immigrants from the Southwest came to the agricultural land of the Central Valley, were only transiently employed, and had to return to the family farm for the winter. They commonly made the seasonal migration for summer farm work several times before developing a niche of stable employment in California. How many times might such an immigrant be counted? In contrast, immigrants from the Northeast were believed to be going to California's cities, already assured of jobs or confident of employment. For example, within a stone's throw of my home, three new families arrived from out of state within a year. But all of these were corporate transfers, and were replacing equal numbers of emigrants. How shall we count these migrants?

In fact, one must hedge today on the patterns of immigration. Assessment of immigrants by automobile has been undertaken, but did the poorest arrive by car? Was the state of previous registration the state of origin, or did the person or family reach California only after several stops along the way? Disregarding these substantial doubts, immigrants today seem to obey reasonable laws of diffusion: more from populous areas, fewer from remote areas. Net annual immigration per 100,000 persons in the area of origin amounts to about 200 for



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the eleven Western states, around 75 for the plains, 85 for the Southwest, 25 for the Southeast, 50 for the North Central, and 30 for the Northeastern states.

One pattern that emerges clearly is that the slightly younger California population is being made still younger by immigrants. Those entering the state are rarely elderly. The proportion of persons over 40 years of age is lower than in the state's population. The fraction of immigrants between 20 and 30 is almost twice the fraction of residents of the state in that age group. Children under 5 are also more frequent among immigrants than among residents, but older children, plausibly, are scarcer. The picture, then, is one of immigration of young adults with young children.

In recent years, approximately 60 per cent of the state's growth has been due to immigration, 40 per cent to natural increase. This comes to 1,000 per day net migration, the difference between 2,000 immigrants and 1,000 emigrants. These numbers reflect the high mobility of the American population, the loss among many of them of traditional attitudes about where to live. Americans will go where they are attracted, will leave places which repel them.

At present, however, a decrease is occurring, as shown in the tabulation below.

But one year does not make a decade, much less a century. What comes next? Early last year, a brief press flurry arose when the State Department of Finance, the reputable and competent source of most of my data, released a statement that immigration to the state had ceased. Stopped dead. The test, a neat one, was that the population of school children in the third to the eighth grades was no greater than the population the year before of children in the second to seventh grades. The test is good because no children are born into this group, very few die out of it, very few drop out of school; the only change is due to migration. It assumes only that family patterns do not change rapidly, an assumption justified by experience. A week later the statement was retracted and it was explained that a change had taken place in the manner of assembling the data and that some reports had stuck in the new channels and had been overlooked. Immigration has not, in fact, ceased.

Enough of the present. What of the future? First, note that California cannot continue to grow forever, or even for a very long period, at a greater rate than the nation. Simple arithmetic shows that if California maintains its growth rate at the traditional 3.8 per cent per year and the nation maintains its rate at the 1.6 per cent of 1960, then in about 110 years, say 2070, the populations of both the United States and California would be about a billion. That is, all Americans would live in California. This seems unlikely.

No one expects such a result. Continuance at 3.8 per cent per year leads to 72 million Californians in the year 2000, 100 million in 2020. But estimates have rarely been for more than 45 million in 2000 and no one cares to project to 2020. Recent projections suggest less growth by century's end, and the State Department of Finance's current projection is for 39 to 42 million.

If there are not to be 72 million Californians at the end of the century, then California's growth rate must diminish. What will cause this to occur? The answer can be given in the form of a truism, and it must be emphasized that this answer is only a truism. It was phrased a few years ago in these terms:

California will stop growing one day because it will have become just as repulsive as the rest of the country.

The phrasing is provocative because of the twofold implications of "repulsive" meaning simply to repel like a magnetic field, but also carrying the sense of "disgusting," "repugnant," "distasteful." Taken at its face value, it says Americans will go where they are attracted, will leave where they are repelled. Today, they are more attracted than repelled by California; the day must come when as many are repelled as attracted.

Chemistry has an analogous term, the "fugacity," the escaping tendency, the tendency to flee. A gas tends to flee from a region of high fugacity to a region of lower fugacity and, as a result, its escaping tendency approaches equality in the two places. All people have tended to escape unhappy environments, to seek better ones. This is one of the essences of humanity. What else is hope? In the past its expression was slow; migration reflected bitter unrest. Today, it is easier.

The analogy suggests only that migration will continue until the escaping tendency is equal everywhere; until, on the average, for each Easterner who sees greener pastures in the West, a Westerner will see them in the East. How fast the adjustment will occur, how fast reaction to a vision of withering pastures will take place, is another matter. Willingness to migrate has been increasing for centuries, but even in the 19th century, migration was not for the timid, the secure, the provident, the affluent; rather it was for the bold, the disinherited, the wastrel, the indigent. Provincialism, ignorance of remote lands, myths of perils along the way, all of these limited equilibration. Today, most Americans see California daily on the TV screen, know that its customs, its hostelries for the itinerant differ but little from those of Maine or South Carolina, and they have a pretty clear notion of job opportunities in Los Angeles and San Jose. "If you think California is the promised land, fly out this weekend and

Year	Population (millions)	Natural Increase (thousands)	Net Immigration (thousands)	Growth Rate, per cent per year		
				Calif.	U. S.	Calif. minus U.S.
1960	15.6	240	370			
1963	17.3	230	370	4.0	1.6	2.4
1966	19.2	(220)*	(230)	3.7	1.6	2.1
				(2.3)	(1.1)	(1.2)

*Numbers in parentheses are tentative.

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have a look. But be back for work Monday!" Or case the entire state next vacation.

By and large, it is inescapable that equilibration is more rapid today than yesterday. If the fugacity relative to the rest of the country has not changed, then migration should have increased. Since it has not, the attractive force of California must be dropping.

A reasonable corollary of this combination of increasing mobility and decreasing difference in escaping tendency is that migration will not dwindle slowly, in a "normal" fashion, but rather will drop quite precipitately, "abnormally."

This does not mean that every American is on the move. What concerns us is marginal mobility. Correspondingly, if California becomes repulsive, not all residents will be repelled. Some are immune to smog, many are protected against most aspects of repulsiveness. But the quite few marginally mobile people reflect and influence social and economic conditions and cannot, therefore, be ignored.

If growth will end with nationally uniform repulsiveness (and attractiveness), what is the anatomy of repulsiveness and attractiveness? A host of visions comes to mind. On the one hand: roses and sunshine in December, cool fog in summer, picnicking without rain, sunny beaches, magnificent mountains, coast lines, forests, vast empty lands, all near at hand; action, the metropolis of glamour always in the very pupil of the public eye; the metropolis of beauty, ringed by sea, hills and bay; great universities. But on the other: crowded, stinking, smarting air, crowded highways, whether at weekend's close or workday's end; crowded schools, crowded prisons, crowded sewers; exorbitant taxes, instability, cranks and extremism from wing to wing; dissension, incipient revolution, unrest, unrest, unrest! Did everyone who went to California go because he couldn't get along with his neighbors?

Visions and knowledge of nearer places also swing the balance. What makes the climate of the Northeast repulsive? Those midweek winter storms, when you must shovel the driveway and hit the road in the gloom! Our grandparents stayed in and read "Snowbound"; we must go to work. Where have the water shortages been close to home? In the East.

At the base of all of this must lie jobs. A man does have to make a living. Where are the jobs? Are the space age contractors hiring? Fifteen thousand new openings at Lockheed, in Sunnyvale on the San Francisco peninsula, mean 15,000 new employees, 30,000 new dependents, and perhaps another 25,000 workers, and their 50,000 dependents, to supply and distribute goods and services to the entire 120,000.

The greatest determinant of immigration must be the assurance, the realistic prospect or the vision of employment. Unemployment is higher in California than nationally. One of Governor Reagan's first campaign promises was that he would do better at creating new jobs than had Governor Brown. But, transparently, if he does create new jobs, resident Californians will not have a prior right to them. New jobs will create new immigrants. The only thing proved by high unemployment in California is that the state is still more attractive, less repulsive, than the rest of the country. The mobile American will still take a greater chance on being unemployed in California than elsewhere. This, too, will change.

Three years ago, a conference entitled "Man in California, 1980's" spent two days on the almost insuperable problems facing California in the next two decades: polluted air with the prospect of $2 billion a year to be spent merely to maintain the present distressing status, polluted water, growing imbalance in water supply; agriculture disappearing under suburbs, deteriorating urban transport and an unremitting struggle to improve highway transport; overcrowded parks, littered beaches, vanishing wildlife; urban slums, a perennial focus of unemployment; increasing crime, disturbed minds. All of these typical American phenomena, the discussion made quite clear, were to be most severe in California because of California's unremitting growth. The last act of the conference was to present a most convincing outline of the enormous task involved in attracting new industry to California, burdened by high taxes, long hauls, restrictive legislation. And yet, by virtue of the extraordinary competence of those searching for new industry, complete success on this score was to be expected. So here we have it: entire agreement that the state's problems are associated with its growth, and yet growth must be maintained. Do we conclude that a fate worse than an environment in ruins is an economy in ruins?

Growth means new jobs and new jobs mean growth. On this merry-go-round, which is cart and which is horse? And what drives the merry-go-round?

It must be suspected that claims on the national economy drive the state's economy. If California can buy from the nation what it wants, first with gold, then wheat, then citrus fruits, then retirements, then oil, then movies, tourism and entertainment, California can grow. But the gold is gone; the wheat has given way to barley to feed livestock consumed in California; Florida and Texas competition is rough on citrus; the subdivisions creep over the Class I crop land; Florida and Arizona have the retirement market; the oil is dwindling, natural gas is imported from Texas and Alberta; movies are made elsewhere; Californians spend as much outside California on vacation as outsiders spend in California; only a small portion of entertainment receipts is spent in California. What, then, is left?

Three items: First, cash receipts from agriculture are still great. Second, more of California's industrial needs are being provided locally; California needs less per capita from outside. Third, California's immigrants bring credit from the East and an insatiable appetite to consume. California has sold its resources, now it is selling its future.

"Foster City—Lagoon Living, 3 bedrooms de luxe, $31,750, $233.27 per month, taxes and insurance included, for 35 years." To the end of the century.

"How much is this mountain side (with a narrow overlook of Lake Tahoe)?" "$700 an acre." "But last year that Saxon Creek land sold for $350." "$350 last year, $700 this year; isn't that about right?"

As long as the immigration continues, California can continue on the merry-go-round, can continue to live in

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the land of the Red Queen. But the Red Queen is debt, and she is in splendid running condition. How long will the race last?

The answer is easy. So long as Eastern creditors believe California's growth will continue. If a state has a housing industry growing at the interest rate (say, 3.8 per cent per year) and financed from outside, then for the first amortization cycle of 25 years the region receives more credit, can buy more from outsiders, than it has to return in monthly payments. After a full cycle of payments, each month's payments just provide the credit for next month's new starts. But when growth slackens, the monthly payments will be more than the credit advanced for the current starts. And when the growth stops, credit for new houses becomes zero, but the payments will continue for another 25 years. The assumptions that the housing industry grows at the interest rate and is financed from outside are not quite true, but each of them is close enough to outline an ominous picture. When the growth stops, what will California do to pay its way, to buy what it needs from the other states, in addition to paying off its mortgage holders in those states? And if householders come to be without jobs, will foreclosure help creditors? Will the householders already have emigrated or, still in occupancy, will they offer to protect the house from the neighborhood kids if the title holder pays a nominal watchman's fee?

The forecasts of California's growth are self-fulfilling forecasts. As long as they are believed, growth will continue. When they become incredible, growth will end. The mistaken announcement last February that growth had ceased was a remarkable act of bureaucratic integrity. If the statisticians had, in fact, decided that growth was about to end, would growth have ended?

Look now at the record of housing starts, of savings and loans failures, of residential vacancies. In spite of this record, which is disturbing, if we may judge from the level of unemployment, which remains high, California is not yet repulsive.

Finally, it has also been said that when growth ends in California, the party out of power will be congratulating itself for a decade. So the final questions remain. What *was* Governor Brown thinking of when, after that dead political campaign, he conceded the election to Ronald Reagan? And how can California remain attractive without attracting its ruin?

INDIA CAMPAIGNS

Cows, Corruption & Demonstrations

LLOYD I. RUDOLPH and SUSANNE HOEBER RUDOLPH

Mr. and Mrs. Rudolph, both of whom teach political science at the University of Chicago, are presently in India as Faculty Fellows of the American Institute of Indian Studies. They are joint authors of The Modernity of Tradition: Political Development in India, *to be published by the University of Chicago in the spring.*

Delhi

The cold weather has come to Delhi. The farmers and herdsmen along the Ring Road wear heavy wool cloaks pulled over their heads, the young men congregating in front of the Regal Cinema sport thick, fuzzy hand-woven sweaters. Middle-class householders huddle before small electric heaters and the poor before smoldering fires of wood shavings and cow-dung cakes in tiny braziers. With the cold weather has come election fever. Members of Parliament have left the capital for their constituencies; ministers must postpone less urgent decisions to tour the states. The national dailies devote large space to special reports from the states, and the director of India's Institute of Public Opinion writes columns predicting the election's outcome on the basis of survey data.

The level of excitement seems even higher than in the months before India's previous three elections. Larger, more numerous problems, and a serious case of hyperpoliticization have raised the capital's chronic sense of crisis to new heights.

Food heads the list of problems, though what its effect will be on the election is difficult to predict; the Congress Party will be blamed for the scarcity and high cost of food but will get credit for relieving the distress caused by an unkind nature. It was another drought year, not nearly so bad as the year before when annual average rainfall over large sections of the country dropped to the lowest level in sixty years, but bad enough. The Minister for Food and Agriculture, C. Subramaniam, has indicated that food production may go up from last season's disastrous 72 million tons to 80 or even 85 million tons, a considerable improvement though still well below the 88 million tons grown in 1964-65.

The minimum required to feed the country in 1966-67 will be about 90 million tons, leaving a gap of from 5 to 10 million tons to be filled by imports. The annual addition of 12 million persons to the half billion total population places agriculture—and family planning—at the forefront of the nation's problems.

The 1966-67 shortage is regional, affecting Bihar and eastern Uttar Pradesh. President Johnson's widely reported delay in authorizing food shipments under the Food for Peace Act was for a time linked in the local press to his alleged displeasure at Indian criticism of U. S. policy in Vietnam. This strengthened the argument of those critical of American pressure and "interference." When Washington explained that its reluctance turned on a desire to internationalize India's food problem, its stock made a small recovery. The Administration's claim that it was also holding back food until it was satisfied that India was making a maximum effort to become self-sufficient was hard to criticize but no less resented. Be-

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ing a beggar was bad enough, but proving oneself a worthy beggar was worse. The country has shown maximum concern for some years now; the government has raised the level and proportion of agricultural investment markedly, and multiplied and expanded programs. But there are no panaceas or overnight solutions in food production.

The inability of the central government to procure the small food surpluses that exist in a few states troubles Indians who worry about the increasing power and independence of state governments. A cartoon in a major daily showed central government ministers preparing a check list: "Let's see. We'll go to Canada, the U.S., the USSR, and—oh yes, Andhra." Better cooperation from Andhra and other surplus states would relieve, but could by no means solve, the problem. The whole of the estimated internal "surplus" comes, at best, to 1.8 million tons. It will, of course, be sold and eaten but not always by those who most need it.

The two pre-election sessions of Parliament spent some time on the food crisis, but the events that attracted most attention were the opposition's sweeping attack on corruption in the Congress government and the cabinet crisis that ensued when Home Minister G. L. Nanda was replaced as a result of the cow-slaughter agitation. In the monsoon session which ended in early September, the opposition gave government an unprecedented battering. Key cabinet ministers were attacked for tampering with steel licenses or favoring former law clients; Mrs. Gandhi was accused of accepting a mink coat from a shipping magnate, a charge later withdrawn. Outside the doors of Parliament an unending series of demonstrations by opposition parties and organized interest groups, from Communists demanding the government's resignation over high prices to goldsmiths demanding an end to the ban on the manufacture of 24 carat gold ornaments, forcefully reminded legislators of the public's distress. Prices, up 15 per cent in the past year, had made inflation a potentially explosive issue.

When the winter session convened in November, it seemed that the outer limits of public demonstration and criticism of government had been reached. But the scheduling of two further agitations, one by *sadhus* (holy men) to achieve a complete ban on cow slaughter, and one by students to air their grievances, raised political pressure still higher. The mishandling of the *sadhus'* demonstration was followed by the badly managed attempt by Mrs. Gandhi to shuffle her cabinet. Some say these events are only the usual indications of an approaching general election; the opposition is preparing its ground and the charges and demonstrations are part of the campaign. Others think the attacks reflect a deeper malaise.

Charges of corruption against the Congress Party are an old story in India; they go back at least to 1937, when popular governments took full charge in the provinces. Indians, like most peoples, relish political gossip and scandal; at the same time they hold public men to such high standards of probity as to make indiscriminate accusation easy. What is new this year is the shift from the usual target, the state governments, to the central government. It is unlikely that the present cabinet ministers are any less honest than their predecessors. Mr. Nehru lost two senior colleagues, Finance Minister T.T. Krishnamachari and Minister for Oil and Fuels, K. D. Malaviya, after Parliamentary accusations and subsequent investigations. Three state chief ministers whom he supported suffered a similar fate. Mrs. Gandhi has so far lost none, although the attacks have drawn blood and may yet result in resignations. But even if the present cabinet is no worse than those that went before, and may contain a higher concentration of administrative talent, the country for some reason feels its leadership less worthy of respect and support.

The present cabinet members are more vulnerable than those under Nehru. Those holding important portfolios lack the honorable scars of jail-ridden years in the nationalist movement. Parliament does not accord them the

respect of founding fathers. They are attacked more viciously, and do not defend themselves with the self-confidence or self-righteousness of their predecessors. Mrs. Gandhi lacks the combativeness, Parliamentary skill and short temper of her father, who often waded in to defend a beleaguered colleague.

The appearance in Parliament of representatives speaking for a new spirit of Populist radicalism has also changed its atmosphere. The Samyukta Socialist Party (SSP), centered mainly in northern India, dedicated to a rigorous and undiscriminating egalitarianism, and manned by a flock of unruly M.P.s did most of the damage during the monsoon session, seizing the initiative from the old radicals, the Communist Party of India (CPI) and the Jan Sangh.

There is much talk in Delhi of the decline of Parliamentary dignity and much concern for the effect this may have on political conduct generally. The SSP regards Parliament as a slow-moving and ineffectual talking shop; they find "struggle"—demonstrations and direct action—more congenial and believe that it is more apt to yield results. The party is fiercely inimical to anything that smacks of privilege or un-Indian ways. In a recent defa-

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mation suit (against *Time* for attributing to him scurrilous remarks concerning Madame Pandit's beauty that he claims not to have uttered), Dr. Ramanohar Lohia, the SSP's leader, made plain that he had regarded Jawaharlal Nehru as excessively sympathetic to the British. Lohia's charge was aimed more at Nehru's style, his Harrow-Cambridge manner, his cosmopolitanism and scientific impatience with what he regarded as parochialism and obscurantism, than at his nationalist record. Members of Lohia's party are apt to make a minister who answers in English repeat himself in Hindi. They launch campaigns against statues of Queen Victoria and other impedimenta of the late British *raj*. They demand to know why government is giving money to a postgraduate institution which allows students to write Ph.D. theses on such valueless topics as President Hoover's views on public administration and, what is more, to do so in English. And Dr. Lohia, while deploring in Parliament the burning of cars during the *sadhu* demonstration, attacked the motorists' arrogance and lack of respect for pedestrians.

SSP members do worry about the poor and the dispossessed, the marginal tenant, the untouchable landless laborer, the petty clerk in city or town, living on a fixed salary. While the party is not taken seriously as an alternative government federally or in the states and will not poll a large vote nationally, when Dr. Lohia speaks of the international conspiracy against the egalitarian movement, he strikes a responsive chord in many breasts. The SSP summons up a vision of the late 19th-century Southern and Midwestern Populism which damned as exploitative and un-American the banks, striped pants and Anglicized ways of the East Coast.

Concern over the decline of Parliamentary proprieties is matched by concern over the increase in urban political demonstrations at the expense of constituted channels for political participation. Everybody expects that in Calcutta periodic street demonstrations will be organized by trade unions of various leftist shades, by students and by the CPI. Lately the *hartal,* a popular strike to close shops and other public services in sympathy with some cause or another, has been replaced by the *bandh* (from *bandh karo,* to close) which is more sweeping. Moreover, the *bandhs* are affecting not only Calcutta, which had a (peaceful) two-day super *bandh* in September, but also Bombay, traditionally more staid in its politics, and other cities. The demonstrations before Parliament during the monsoon and winter sessions were massive street marches rather than *bandhs*. The Right (Moscow) CPI brought as many as 100,000 marchers to Delhi, mostly from nearby states but some from those more distant. There has been speculation that the money required to finance this grand and somewhat artful affair came in part from Moscow. It is doubtful that Moscow agrees with its principal slogan, "Indira Government Resign," although its slow and niggardly response to India's request for emergency food aid (200,000 tons), and the postponement of Premier Kosygin's visit until after the election, has raised the question. However, the Kremlin may very well have been interested in strengthening the Right CPI against the Peking-oriented Left CPI. When a reporter at a press conference asked the general secretary of the Right CPI if the party was opposed to the political and material support being extended to the Gandhi government by Moscow, he failed to answer.

To the general confusion surrounding Communist motives and purposes was added the macabre affair of the obscene posters (concerning Mrs. Gandhi) which, on the day of the Right CPI march, were placed about Delhi. All parties denied responsibility, and *Blitz,* the muckraking leftist weekly, blamed it on the CIA.

Behind the increase in *bandhs* and other forms of direct action lies the reality of great hardship for the urban salariat and enhanced malnutrition in the countryside. The drought made food scarce and expensive, while devaluation in the context of stagnant production has driven up the price of consumer goods. Government efforts to distribute food in the cities at controlled prices has alleviated but by no means solved the problems. Dealers operating fair-price shops are often without supplies of wheat or rice, which are available elsewhere at black-market prices. City dwellers on fixed small incomes and villagers living in the backwaters of food deficit states feel the pinch sharply. It remains to be seen whether their distress will send them to the polls and, if it does, whether they will vote against the Congress, increasingly the apparent source of emergency work and food.

Until the violent outcome of the cow-slaughter demonstration, Delhi and the states had pursued a mild policy toward various forms of direct action, attempting to control violence but not, for the most part, forbidding marches and *bandhs*. The Right Communists received permission to use the capital's huge Ramlila Ground, generally reserved for public meetings and religious festivals, to pitch their tents and assemble marchers during the week before the grand demonstration. L. P. Singh, the able secretary to the Home Ministry, traveled to Calcutta in anticipation of the super *bandh,* to advise the West Bengal government to use restraint. The policy of moderation arose out of the realization that many of the grievances were real and widely shared. The leaders also calculated that, in face of the impending general elections, they could only hurt themselves by giving demonstrators the additional grievance of "police brutality."

The *sadhus* and their unruly friends caused the government to reverse its earlier lenient policy. The former Defense Minister, Mr. Chavan, known for combining judiciousness with firmness, replaced Home Minister Nanda, who was felt to be insufficiently resolute. The students, who were next in line for a major demonstration, were put on notice to cancel their plans. The preventive measures, which included closing all colleges, stationing police at the borders of Delhi, and the arrest of the M.P.s who promised to lead the students, were so effective that only a handful remained to shout slogans and be arrested. Greater firmness seems to have restored public confidence in the government's will and ability to maintain law and order and to resist coercive tactics. The government, in turn, seems to have concluded that firmness is less damaging politically than it feared.

The test of these perceptions and resolutions was not long in coming. Mass demonstrations, followed by rioting, broke out in Andhra to force a commitment from

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the central government that it would build India's fifth giant public sector steel plant there. The *shankaracharya* of Puri temple, formerly a leading member of a reactionary Hindu party (the Ram Rajya Parishad), undertook a fast unto death on behalf of an assurance from the government that it would ban all forms of cow slaughter. At about the same time, Sant (Saint) Fateh Singh, a Muslim convert to Sikhism and political leader of the Akali Dal, a community party, announced that he would immolate himself in the Golden Temple, the Sikh St. Peter's, unless the government agreed to turn over to the newly formed Sikh-majority state of Chandigarh the Le Corbusier-designed capital of the undivided Punjab, the Bakhra Dam (highest in India) and certain disputed enclaves. In none of these instances did the government give in, although Mrs. Gandhi's eleventh-hour agreement, at the request of the chief ministers of Punjab and Haryana, to arbitrate the Sant's demands, appeared to some too high a price to pay for saving his life.

The *sadhus'* demonstration and the ensuing violence

Indira Gandhi

weakened the government in the short run but may have strengthened it for the future. Mrs. Gandhi's response to the government's humiliation before Parliament was to use the occasion to strengthen her cabinet. Central to her purpose was dropping Gulzarilal Nanda, the Home Minister. Twice Acting Prime Minister and the most senior of her cabinet colleagues, he is also patron of a national *sadhu* organization and a true believer in cow protection. His decision not to bar *sadhus* from the Parliamentary area looked, in retrospect, most unwise.

Dropping Nanda put portfolios in motion and Mrs. Gandhi moved to settle a few other problems as well. Finance Minister Sachin Chaudhuri and Commerce Minister Manubhai Shah had been warring ever since devaluation was announced in June, 1966. To drop antagonistic colleagues and adopt a strong line of policy in this vital area seemed Mrs. Gandhi's intention. But on this occasion, her decisiveness proved her undoing. When news of the contemplated changes reached the press, both the attempt to replace Nanda with Chavan and to remove the warring economic ministers were blocked by political pressures from within the party and the cabinet and from the state parties.

In the event, she overcame the resistance to Chavan's appointment but not to other changes. Not having gained the support or acquiescence of key political figures, and without the kind of close security that so sensitive a political maneuver requires until it has been successfully executed, Mrs. Gandhi acted too quickly and too much in the open. She may have overestimated her freedom of action; if so, the result narrowed it still further, at least for the short run, by lowering her prestige, reducing her authority and tarnishing her image. But she is the stronger by Mr. Chavan.

The resurgence of opponents who find Congress too secular and insufficiently nationalist has, in recent years, become increasingly apparent. The assassination of Gandhi, at the height of the Hindu-Muslim killing which followed partition, by a Hindu who thought him soft on Pakistan and Muslims, did much to discredit all parties and organizations that favored a strong Hindu state. Nehru, too, always regarded Hindu communalism as one of the greatest dangers to India. His views, policies and actions did much to discourage it among his colleagues in Congress and to create a public ideology against it. But Gandhi died in 1948; Nehru in 1964. The war with Pakistan has clothed anti-Muslim symbolism with the respectability of national struggle against a foreign enemy. The Jan Sangh, a less fanatic and more secular version of the earlier Hindu communal parties, benefited from this Hindu resurgence in the 1962 election, and is likely to gain again in the northern, Hindi-speaking states.

The anti-cow-slaughter demonstrations are part of this Hindu revival. There are good reasons to suppose that the furor was supported, if not directly organized, by the Hindu political parties, who recognize the electoral appeal. But a much broader group supported the cow protectors, including Congressmen. The Congress Parliamentary Party, just before the *sadhus'* march, urged the government to press states that had not done so to ban cow slaughter. The new Home Minister, Mr. Chavan,

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like Nanda before him, has urged the same. The cow is a basic issue, a symbol of Hinduism in danger from the forces of secularism and modernity. The cow's defense helps mobilize India's latest potential for religious fundamentalism and revivalism. William Jennings Bryan's stand on behalf of Genesis against Darwin in the Scopes trial is the most recent American equivalent that can help to evoke the context in which such battles are fought. It is difficult for politicians to resist such fundamentalist currents frontally, and few in India are doing so. Still, a good many ministers and state governments are aware that the constitution as interpreted by the Supreme Court prohibits a total ban on slaughter. Article 48 of the non-justiciable Directive Principles provides that "the state shall endeavor to organize agriculture and animal husbandry on modern and scientific lines and shall, in particular, take steps for preserving and improving the breeds, and prohibiting the slaughter, of cows and calves and other milch and draught cattle." Efforts in the constituent assembly to narrow this language by confining animals eligible for protection to "useful" ones or to broaden it by listing bulls and bullocks were defeated.

Agriculture being a state concern, it was left to the various states to implement these "directives." Four have no legislation after seventeen years, while others have drawn the terms of protection rather narrowly. The "cow wallahs" now want the central government, through constitutional amendment and legislation, to do what the constituent assembly in 1949 refused to do: prohibit absolutely the killing of cattle.

Political support for a total ban is less strong than the events of November 7, and the publicity given to the fasts of the *shankaracharya* of Puri and other holy men, suggest. Indian non-Hindu minorities, Muslims, Christians, Sikhs and tribal peoples, constituting about one-fifth of the population, do not hold the cow sacred. Nor have India's scheduled castes (untouchables), one-seventh of the total population, any special regard for the cow or those who fight its cause. Indeed, Swami Karpatri, the *shankaracharya* of Puri's chief in the Ram Rajya Parishad (God's Rule Party) and a key organizer of the November 7 demonstration, fasted some years ago to bar untouchables from a temple in Benares. Congress' increased vulnerability to "cow wallah" pressure is related to its declining fortunes in the Hindu heartland where religious revivalism makes its strongest appeal. In the other three-fifths of the country, the rimland that encircles the Hindi heartland, greater prosperity and education provide support for the secular principles laid down in the constitution and given expression during Nehru's seventeen years as Prime Minister.

Despite evidence of widespread and organized discontent, it seems certain that Congress will capture a majority of seats in the lower house of the Parliament, and quite likely that it will win legislative majorities or be able to form governments in fourteen of India's sixteen states. At the same time, this election, fourth since independence, should mark the end of Congress' dominant role in the Indian political system. Whether Congress can survive transition from a dominant to a majority party, and if it does whether it can govern vigorously and effectively enough to revive the pace of national development, staggered by two wars, two droughts and the

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deaths of two Prime Ministers, are some of the important questions that this election will help answer. The challenge to the opposition parties is equally great; can they, after fifteen years in the wilderness, often as satellites of political tendencies in the Congress, use creatively and responsibly the increased power they will gain?

According to estimates by the Indian Institute of Public Opinion, Congress' proportion of the popular vote for members of Parliament, never more than 47 per cent in previous elections and 44.7 in the last, is likely to fall to 40 per cent in this one. Its vote in state assembly elections, institute forecasts indicate, will go a shade lower.

In previous elections Congress won 70 per cent or more of the seats in Parliament and legislative majorities in the states with less than half of the popular vote because the opposition was divided in ways that enabled more Congress than opposition candidates to win with pluralities rather than majorities. Of 491 Parliamentary contests in 1962, sixty-nine involved two candidates, 141 three, 126 four, and 155 five or more. The Communist Party of India, the Praja Socialist Party (PSP) and the Samyukta Socialist Party to the Congress left, and the Jan Sangh and Swatantra parties to its right often were as interested in defeating one another as they were in defeating Congress. In multi-cornered contests, Congress' nationalist heritage, its association with the names of Gandhi and Nehru, its identification with government and the allocation of resources, and its superior all-India organizational capability gave it a marked advantage.

The opposition's opportunity to do better in this election lies in the capacity of its various parties to make electoral arrangements that will result in the Congress facing fewer opponents in most constituencies. Given a decline in Congress' popular support, the higher level of consolidation among its electoral opponents and the fact that eighty-seven of the 361 seats it won in 1962 were "marginal," a loss of seventy seats seems likely. S. K. Patil, Congress boss in Bombay, predicted in mid-December that the party would lose 20 to 25 per cent of its seats. The opposition parties may gain by a higher percentage, since the seats in the lower house have been increased from 496 to 520. By the same token, net Congress losses may be lower, depending upon how the new seats are divided among government and opposition parties.

The absence of a nationally united opposition reflects the incompatibility of Congress' opponents and the capacity of Congress to forge a national consensus. Some find Congress too Socialist, while others find it insufficiently so. Its "mixed" economic policy builds through planned development an ever-larger public sector, restrains but does not discourage a lively private sector, and ministers to a massive peasant sector. By these means it assimilates, partly through design, partly through inadvertence, almost the whole political spectrum.

It seems likely that in this election, as in the previous three, to him that hath shall be given. Those who control the government, its prestige, power and resources, have an advantage in competitive democratic politics and nowhere more so than in India. There are still peasants who believe that British *raj* has been replaced by Congress *raj*, and give it the respect to which the government is entitled. Businessmen who might prefer more conservative policies realize that Congress will win again and wish to retain some influence over economic policy and allocation of licenses and foreign exchange. And there is a tendency, more apparent in some states than in others, to use administrative discretion in the allocation of resources and patronage to favor the governing party, a phenomenon not unknown to the Johnson-Humphrey Administration. If there is a lack of enthusiasm for Congress among intellectuals, the modern middle classes and organized public opinion generally, it remains true that the party retains the support of that vast voting public not easily visible to the modern political eye, the propertied peasants who dominate the countryside and the state governments.

For Mrs. Gandhi, however, the 1967 election will be a critical test. The more seats Congress loses, the less her chances are of staying on as Prime Minister. Kamarah Nadar, the powerful and taciturn president of the Congress Party, has had a larger voice than she in the selection of party nominees; these men are more likely to follow his than Mrs. Gandhi's lead in the selection of the party's Parliamentary leader after the election. Her political future is very much at stake.

CURRAN'S NMU

Headquarters vs. the Men at Sea

DORIAN J. FLIEGEL

Mr. Fliegel, now studying in the field of contemporary American social problems at Amherst College, has worked and traveled for a total of six months aboard merchant ships.

The 45,000-man National Maritime Union is the largest American union for unlicensed seamen. For these men, spread out around the world on their ships, seafaring is a job in which it is physically impossible to escape the conditions of work. The union is their primary means of relating to society; it is also their primary source of frustration. I have listened to the problems of seamen while working with them. The sense of powerlessness they feel toward their working lives is profound. The seamen are cynical about the "one party-one man" administration of Joseph Curran, now in his thirtieth year as the only president the union has ever known. They realize that the union is not democratically run. They believe their officials are more concerned with personal power and loyalty to Curran than with the

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well-being of the membership. That is the voice one hears from the rank and file on the ships.

If the seamen have accepted the situation, they have done so because the union has absolute power over their economic lives, and because they believe, in the final analysis, that the system is delivering the most that they can expect. But rank-and-file discontent is not without its representatives. Last spring, five men opposed the Curran administration in the NMU national elections and were defeated. Under the provisions of the Landrum-Griffin Labor Reform Act of 1959, they immediately filed protests with the Secretary of Labor, charging fraud. Accordingly, Secretary of Labor W. Willard Wirtz has filed action in the New York Federal Court, seeking to upset the election. The Labor Department's case takes notice of the charges of election irregularities, but concentrates on a provision in the NMU constitution which restricts candidacy for national office to members who have already served in certain designated posts—a provision which reduces the pool of possible candidates to 400, or less than 1 per cent of the membership. The suit notes further that 4,800 seamen were at sea during the period when nominating papers could be filed, and that 2,400 were at sea at the time of the election, with no provision made for them to cast absentee ballots.

Striking back vigorously, Curran claims that the union is being persecuted for its dispute with the government over maritime policy, and holds that the eligibility rule for national office is only a realistic recognition of the need for basic experience. He concludes by observing that, under Landrum-Griffin, the conditions of the workingman have advanced much too far toward those prevailing in the Soviet Union, and that "the right of free men in a free labor movement is at stake."

One of the five unsuccessful candidates, James M. Morrissey, has not been content to wait for court action. Morrissey began in August to write and distribute his own newspaper, *The Call*. His program asks for a return of the NMU to democracy through rank-and-file control, and his openly declared strategy during the summer was that the opposition should organize for the NMU's 14th National Convention, then two months away.

On September 14, two weeks before the convention, Morrissey was attacked by three large men with lead pipes, who beat him and broke his skull. He had just left NMU national headquarters, the Joseph Curran Building in New York. Morrissey's "Open Letter to All Convention Delegates," urging them to gain control by rejecting the Curran-appointed committee members, was not well circulated. His message went unheeded.

The national convention, held in the Grand Ballroom of the Hotel Commodore October 3-6, was a complete victory for the administration. Curran handled the job of chairman so well that the revolt, if it existed, never materialized. He used his personal toughness and his well-coordinated administrative organization to get passed exactly what he wanted and only what he wanted.

Since I had recently been on an NMU ship, the unanimity at the Commodore astonished me. If there was any opposition among the seamen, their delegates did not present it. The issues generated by the Curran administration were distant from the concerns seamen express to one another in the fo'c'sles and mess rooms.

Precisely because conditions at sea are still rugged and perilous, because they exact a psychological price in the monotony and abnormality of the life, because men exhibit at close range the most vicious kinds of pettiness, the values of equality and human dignity become vital. The NMU, built in the tradition of radical trade unionism, was organized around these values.

Seamen, who have always been shortchanged by society, have a direct sense of what has happened to them. They understand the importance of the union. Since its founding in 1937, wages, conditions and the public image of the merchant seaman have all improved. From 1936 to 1954 alone, base wages increased fivefold, the basic work load decreased 30 per cent, and living conditions improved from the inhuman to the tolerable. At the same time, the number of married seamen increased from 8 per cent to 64 per cent. Today the NMU likes to picture the modern seaman as a suburban family man.

Few union movements have so altered the bleak conditions of work, but the initial conditions were so miserable that the spectacular success of the union has brought the merchant seamen only up to the level of shore-side trade unionists. "Old-timers" who remember working conditions during the depression have become the exception. The majority of the men on the ships today are concerned primarily with what their union is now achieving, and what it has become. In this context the questions of wages and union structure are most important.

A remarkable letter from the crew of the tanker *S.S. Texaco Nevada,* addressed to Curran and circulated among the crews of other NMU ships last July, started a flurry of rank-and-file discussion. The letter begins:

> We have gotten no report on wages and overtime review from our agents and patrolman, who claim they know nothing about it. We want a wage and overtime increase. Since 1961 there have been two social security increases, dues increase, and constant cost of living rise without increase in take home pay.

Since 1961 NMU seamen have worked under a contract which has a number of soft spots from their point of view and which does not expire until 1969. Seamen have not had an increase of take-home pay in five years. Yearly percentage wage increases specified under the contract have not been paid to them, but have gone directly into a general twenty-year pension fund for which many members cannot qualify. Base wages are extremely low. On nonpassenger ships, for example, one-third of the crew, men with the lowest ratings such as ordinary seaman and messman, are paid $300 per month. After they pay union dues, the base earnings of these men for a forty-hour week are close to the minimum wage.

Figures first made available in detail to the rank and file in Morrissey's paper show that the West Coast maritime unions secured contracts in 1966 that prescribed base pay running in many cases $100 to $200 more per month. In these contracts the overtime which the NMU members must work extra for, and often do not get, is automatically guaranteed and computed within the base

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Joseph Curran

pay. Finally, these contracts include higher overtime rates and specify still higher wage levels for 1968, a year before the present NMU contract runs out.

In the light of such facts, what particularly embitters NMU seamen is the class difference between them and their union officials, whose salaries and privileges have wonderfully mounted. At a salary of $86,000, on which the NMU pays full taxes, Curran ranks second among union executives to Jimmy Hoffa, and the NMU is twenty times smaller than the Teamsters. Curran also has a personal chauffeur at $13,000 per year, and a personal assistant, William Perry, who runs the national office in Curran's absence (frequent), with a salary and expense account that total more than $30,000. Members are further outraged by the expensive building program the union has undertaken and by the hierarchy of union officials with salaries in the $20,000 range, large expense accounts, new Lincoln Continentals and pension, severance and strike pay plans that dwarf benefits received by working seamen.

Even at this high price, the situation might be acceptable if the rank and file had a sense that their officials were truly their representatives. But the trend of the last fifteen years, with the polarization of power around Curran and in the national office, has resulted, seamen fear, in a hierarchy of officials who owe loyalty only to Curran. A major issue has become the question of patrolmen.

When a ship returns to home port, the union patrolman comes aboard to settle any disputes which may have developed between the crew and the company during the course of the voyage, and to do union business. Until 1963, patrolmen were elected by the membership in each port. Curran charged that this system led to "irresponsible" men winning office, and initiated a successful move to have the patrolmen appointed by the president. One of his primary examples of the need for an appointive system was the case of Joseph Padilla, an elected patrolman who used his position to campaign against the union administration in 1962. Padilla claims he was physically beaten in that campaign while attempting to speak aboard a ship, and his suit against the union is still tied up in the courts. Padilla, who ran for national office in the last election, is also one of those who are now protesting the results.

In the letter from the *S.S. Texaco Nevada* the crew states: "It is a well-known fact that our Patrolmen have little interest in settling beefs, since he is no longer an elected official. Which may be beside the point but nevertheless is true."

But it is not beside the point. The allegiance of the patrolman is vital, for in his person the union structure meets the rank and file at the job. A patrolman has a great deal to say about whether a man is in good standing with the union, even whether he can remain on the ship. Seamen can remember too many shipmates who lost their jobs for being militant in their criticism of the union. For example, Morrissey himself first became disenchanted with union officials when in 1953, while serving as patrolman, he was given an order to fire a boatswain who had been critical of the union leadership.

Why then did the concerns of the men at sea about the undemocratic structure of their union, the weak contract, the class privileges of the officers, and the need for more democratic structures not penetrate the convention? Curran has built an effective organization which excludes criticism from within. Furthermore, his definition of union policy is itself a defense of the system he has organized. Any successful rank-and-file movement must recognize it as such and answer it.

In his opening address to the convention Curran laid down the basis of his policy. The American merchant marine faces an ominous future. Since World War II it has declined from first to sixth place among the maritime nations of the world. It now carries less than 9 per cent of the country's foreign commerce. One of the main factors in this decline is the device of "runaway flags" whereby American-owned ships are registered abroad to avoid American wages and taxes. This practice has put Liberia ahead of the United States in the size of its merchant marine, with Panama and Honduras close behind.

Union leadership, wishing to reverse this decline, has altered its traditional economic tactics, which once centered around the strike. As Curran states: "We want gains in our contracts, but we have to make sure first that we have jobs to apply these contracts to. We have a vital stake in the preservation and well-running of our industry." On this basis, Curran describes the extension of the contract of 1961 until 1969 as a major achievement in labor-management relations.

Curran's strategy has defined neither the government nor the shipowners as an enemy, but calls simply for tougher government restrictions against "runaway" ship-

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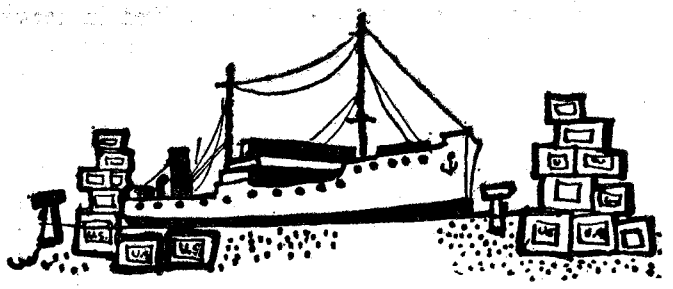

ping, and a broader-based subsidy for American ship operators. According to NMU officials the major problem the union faces is the indifference and ignorance of the public and the government.

Thus the Curran administration sees its task primarily in terms of political action. To this end Curran has linked the NMU program with the welfare of the nation through a rigid anti-Communist position. He points to the rise of the Soviet merchant marine, which is already larger than that of the United States, and at its present rate of growth will overtake the British by 1975 as the world's largest. The positive way to fight Communists, Curran says, is to build fleets and compete with the Soviet Union.

The existence of a class system within the union between officials and members is justified as political expediency. Bernard Raskin, public relations chief and editor of the NMU paper, *The Pilot*, has said that salaries are high because "we feel that our officers should be paid in accord with executives in industry . . . poorly paid union officials don't carry as much social and political prestige."

The last point is crucial to the policy of Curran's administration. Since the union must make gains through political action, the interest of the members can be served only by officials under the Curran banner, who, having the unified backing of the membership, are able to act as free, prestigious and powerful agents within the society. Thus Curran defines union strength as unified support of Curran. Opposition to Curran and his policies is opposition to the welfare of the union, and even to the welfare of the nation.

In an open letter to the delegates entitled, "Target NMU," Curran associated the leaders of the present rank-and-file opposition with past Communist conspiracies against the union. Without naming Morrissey or his paper, Curran spoke of him and his associates as "elements which use anti-labor laws to do as much damage to the union as possible," and concluded: "We do not intend to answer the collection of slanders, distortions and lies which are in the publication these people are distributing."

Morrissey, just dismissed from St. Vincent's hospital, observed the convention from the balcony of the Grand Ballroom, guarded by a plain-clothes man. For a number of delegates, I imagine, Morrissey had been given his answer.

In an unusual move on the first day of the convention, Curran broke the monotony to announce that a reporter from the *Daily Worker* had been admitted. He did not point out this embarrassing guest, and the effect was profound: no outsider, with or without a press badge, could find a delegate willing to discuss openly anything critical of the union.

Beneath the superficial banquetlike joviality of the convention the atmosphere was strained. Out of 454 delegates, the representative from the rebellious *S.S. Texaco Nevada* was suddenly discovered to have allegedly forged his past union dues receipts and was denied his seat and publicly condemned. Two delegates—one who rose to suggest that the business of the meeting was being railroaded, the other a Negro who appeared to be suggesting that the NMU improve the run-down neighborhood where it has built its spectacular new $3 million Joseph Curran Annex—were shouted down. The only member of the insurgent group seated on the floor as a delegate was Richard "Dutch" Haake, who had attempted to run against Curran but had been disqualified. Both union officials and delegates saw him as potentially capable of leading a floor fight. Yet as Haake explained to me:

> My personal dilemma is whether to make a move in the convention. I'd be willing but it may be suicidal. I have my family to think of. . . . I see only twenty who would dare to go down the line with me, fifty perhaps who would go part way. Besides I have to keep my eye on the election appeal. The only way to fight against this group would be with the secrecy and rights of a national election run with government supervision.

Haake elected to remain silent for the entire four days of the convention.

Curran and the officers looked at times like men under siege when delegates unknown to them got the floor, but their wary glances changed to smiles of mutual congratulation when time and again nothing developed. The core of Curran's support came primarily from delegates who were part of or allied with the administration's organization. Some fifty-five delegates representing thirty-two ports were in fact members of Curran's administration and repeatedly made key motions. In addition there were the men whom Curran had appointed to the various committees to which the delegates submitted their proposals. Some anti-Curran proposals were thus submitted, but not one of them emerged from the committees. Finally, the presence of a large and strategically stationed "master-at-arms" squad exerted a sobering effect.

Curran was justified in being pleased with what he called "the best convention ever in demonstrating the unity of the union." Final proposals for constitutional change will further strengthen the control of the administration by giving the national office additional power to establish penalties against seamen not cooperating aboard ship with union regulations. The convention passed resolutions backing all aspects of Curran's policy. Finally the convention backed Curran's desire to put off opening contract negotiations for at least a year.

The voice of the rank and file on the ships was not heard at the convention, partly because seamen, skeptical of their power, sent delegates who had no intention of testing it. After all, so goes the most common argument, no democracy is perfect, no administration without self-interested officials. Sailors have no illusions about the moral perfectibility of man. But this is exactly the point from which Morrissey's paper can build its force among

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the rank and file and become a threat to the administration. For Morrissey is seeking to explode the theory that "one party" rule does about as well as can be hoped by making available detailed information on wages and conditions in other seagoing unions, information not available in *The Pilot*. And by publishing information on the salaries and privileges of union officials he has pointed out the cost of the present system.

In 1960, in one of the original trials of the Landrum-Griffin Act, Secretary of Labor James P. Mitchell initiated a suit against the NMU to invalidate the national elections of that year because of evidence of illegal practices. The suit was dropped in October of 1961 after Secretary of Labor Arthur Goldberg made the union promise, in effect, that it would not happen again. It was during this period, in the summer of 1961 when a general maritime strike was in progress, that the NMU broke with the other major union, the Seafarers' International Union, and dropped the demand for the right to organize the crews of "runaway flag" ships. The NMU then signed the contract which has lasted until now and has caused so much criticism from the rank and file.

Many of the opposition see a relationship between the signing of a weak contract and the government's willingness to drop its case against Curran. Moreover, the insurgents fear that the pattern is repeating itself. In 1966 Curran would certainly have been justified in seeking wage increases within the existing contract, yet at the national convention he succeeded in putting off negotiations until next year. Furthermore, he has already indicated his willingness to accept wage increases within the guideposts recommended by President Johnson.

These are conservative positions for a union leader to take when rank-and-file discontent is growing. But Curran has taken them precisely when the government is seeking to nullify the elections and supervise a rerun.

For the leaders of the opposition the convention proved to be an impossible setting in which to challenge Curran. Yet they are still confident that the majority will be with them once the men are given information in detail which makes explicit the cost of the present "one party-one man" system. The opposition must now count on the possibility of government intervention and a rerun of the spring election.

Morrissey's program is no cure-all. A democratic structure for the NMU will not solve the problem of a declining merchant marine industry nor the ultimate problem of automation. But, beyond bettering wages and conditions, unions exist to give the worker a sense of his role in the industry through the democratic process of electing the officials who negotiate for him. A "one party-one man" system can never serve that function.

AWAKENING OLYMPUS

MORDECAI ROSHWALD
Mr. Roshwald, author of Level 7, *a novel of a future war, teaches at the University of Minnesota.*

Olympus has been undergoing a veritable renaissance. The once mighty gods of the Greeks are resuming their former position. No longer have they to weave dreams out of memories of old glory: new vistas are opening before them. All this may surprise the reader. Aren't gods supposed to be immortal? If so, how can they be reborn? Or, if renaissance is not taken literally, why the awakening all of a sudden?

To answer these questions we must first make the reader acquainted with some basic laws of the pantheon. Indeed, gods *are* immortal; they have to be by definition. Yet being immortal does not necessarily mean being alive and kicking. In fact, the Olympian family went into a prolonged hibernation with the ascendancy of the Judeo-Christian monotheism. For monotheism —again by definition—cannot coexist with a jolly company of quarrelsome gods. Under the impact of the purposeful, single-minded, aloof God from Jerusalem even the self-confident Zeus, not to mention minor deities, retreated step by step, till in despair they sought and found solace in sleep.

Their sleep has been long—too long. For while of the God of Jerusalem it was said that a thousand years in his sight "are but as yesterday when it is past," the Olympians felt that a hundred years weighed more than a week, and they had been asleep for a good many centuries.

But, while gods can go into hibernation at will, they are not free to awaken. In that respect they resemble the sleeping princess who could be roused only by a princely kiss. In the case of the deities the trick is done by simple humans, by mere mortals: they wake the gods up when they evoke them in prayer, in worship, in animadversion at least. True, from time to time a poet, even in the dark ages of Christian devotion, would refer to Zeus, to Apollo, to Aphrodite, but this rather occasional turning of the mind was not sufficient to wake the gods. All it did was induce pleasant dreams or at most made them turn in their beds.

That was the situation until recent times when all of a sudden the evocation of the Olympians was resorted to by a different type of men—men of action, not poets—and therefore in a manner that startled the gods out of their slumber like an alarm clock ringing at 6 A.M. on a Sunday morning. For this waking up was not done by animadversion, or prayer or worship; it was effected by the most potent of potions—POWER.

Ironically, it came about because of the devoutness of the mortals to their Christian God. The generals and admirals who had to baptize one of their offspring could not bring themselves to name it the "Almighty," though almighty it may have seemed to them. Nor could they possibly call a rocket "Jesus": imagine yourself

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talking about the deployment of one-megaton Jesuses! Even the name of one of the angels, or, for that matter, a saint, seemed inappropriate: somehow one did not think of a missile as a saintly creature. The fallen angel —perhaps: he seemed powerful enough and sufficiently far from saintliness. But there was the rub: it was not fitting for the United States Air Force or Navy to be associated with the Evil One. You could no more call a particularly effective missile Lucifer or Mephistopheles than, for different reasons, you could christen it Michael or St. Peter.

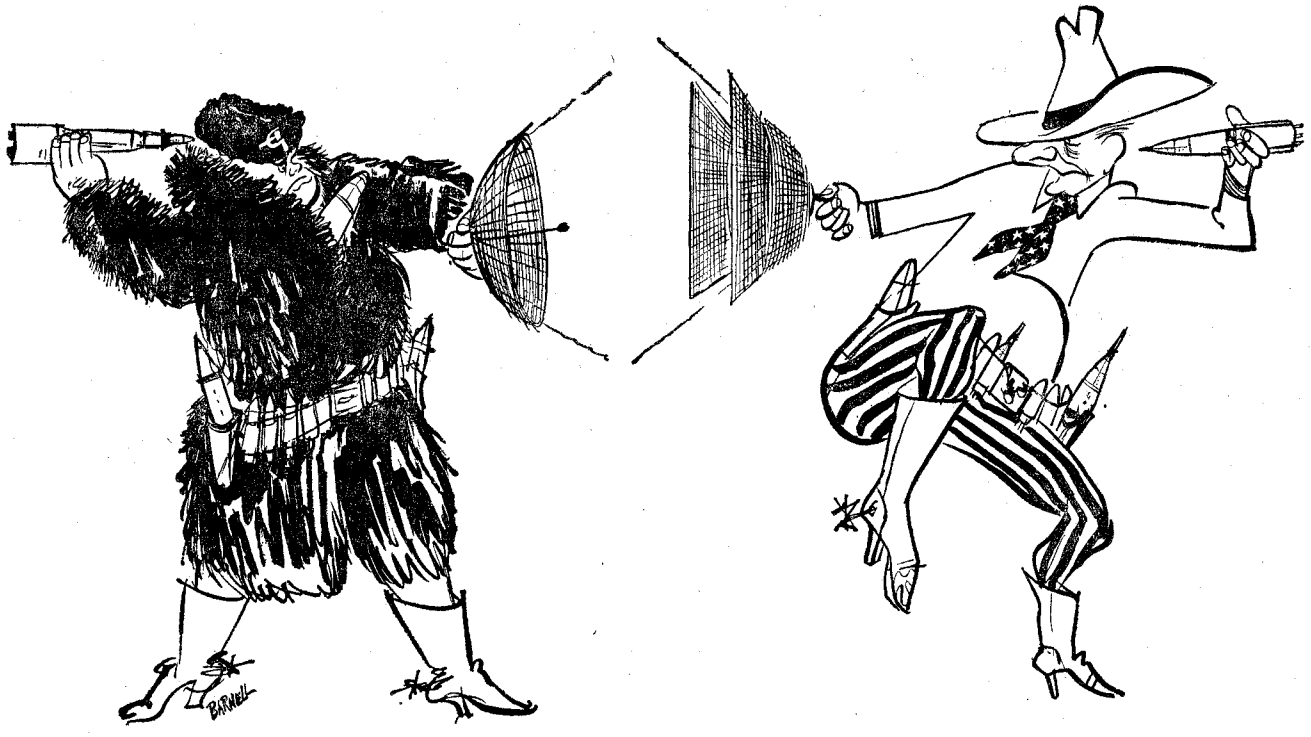
The military were at a loss until one of them, who in his college days had been a member of Mu Alpha Delta, had a brilliant idea: if Greek letters were good for a fraternity to whose members Greek was Greek, why not borrow the names of the Greek gods for the rockets? Divine names were appropriate for the new titans and yet these would offend nobody's religious feelings, for the Greek gods were long dead. Or so he thought.

In fact, the moment the first rocket was baptized "Atlas," or whatever the name was, the Titan jumped up rocketlike from his slumber. Then there was no need for the humans to wake up the others. For another theological rule governing the Greek pantheon is that one awakened god starts a chain reaction which wakes up all the rest in no time. For this purpose, the Titans and the Olympians are connected by a "hot line."

And so the Greek gods are awake again and, after their old custom, annoying one another with petty jealousies and intrigues. That Atlas should have the distinction of commanding an ICBM could not be forgiven by more prestigious deities. And so, in search of new status symbols, they started once more to interfere in human affairs.

Versed in intrigues as they are, it was a minor enterprise for the Greek gods to make the mortals dance to the Olympic tune. A whisper in an American general's ear and another rocket came into being to glorify another deity. A whisper to a Russian general, and a Communist counter-rocket moves the spiral of competition one spin higher. Rockets and counter-rockets; missiles from the ground, missiles from the sea, missiles from the air. . . . There are many gods in search of status and there is no end to divine ingenuity in fomenting competition among human beings—*ad majorem deorum gloriam.*

The competition in Olympus is no less fierce, though. For it is now no longer enough to be honored with a rocket, *any* rocket. Now the game is to be one up, to have a rocket which will make a former rocket obsolete.



Thus Polaris will soon be replaced by Poseidon: twice the pay load and accuracy and eight times the killing power of the once mighty North Star. But Poseidon's brother, the mighty Zeus, has already set his intrigues in motion in the Kremlin to get the Russians to produce a Socialist answer to Poseidon. Once the Reds are set on the right track, the Americans will build the anti-missile missile, Nike-Zeus. (That Zeus is ready to share this distinction with the rather minor goddess Nike has a threefold explanation: inveterate liking for female company, tribute to our own, progressive, democratic era, and, for the sake of political impartiality, show of respect for the hyphenated Marxism-Leninism.)

Zeus is already rubbing his powerful hands with glee at the prospect of outdoing Poseidon and his Russian counterpart. But behind Zeus's back lurks Atropos, the unavoidable fate. A hardly noticeable smile is playing round her narrow, tight lips. She knows that the trump card is in her hand.

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BOOKS & THE ARTS

Playing the Game — for Fun and Profit

KOUFAX. *By Sandy Koufax (with Ed Linn). The Viking Press. 293 pp. $4.95.*
PAPER LION. *By George Plimpton. Harper & Row. 362 pp. $5.95.*
THE GLORY OF THEIR TIMES. *By Lawrence S. Ritter. The Macmillan Co. 291 pp. $7.95.*

ROLFE HUMPHRIES
The Collected Poems of Rolfe Humphries *was published in 1965 by Indiana University Press.*

"A professional, whether paid or unpaid, is the man that counts. An amateur is a clumsy bastard." So wrote the late Stanley Woodward in the autobiography he called *Paper Tiger* and, one way or another, this theme is developed and varied in the three books under consideration here. *Koufax* recounts the progress of its protagonist from amateur to professional; its concluding chapter presents in full and poignant detail the struggle for the professional to escape from the unpaid into the paid-what-he-deserves category.

One thing about the "as told to" or "with" kind of book is that we can never feel sure whose voice we are hearing. How much of this one is Koufax, how much is Linn? To whom do we attribute the occasional flashes of insight, the moments of nice and witty prose, the expert non-clumsiness? The early parts of the book are more than a little on the dull side, the figures seem pasteboard rather than real, the tone conventional, duly pious, just not engaging. Nobody comes very much alive —not Sandy himself, or his family, or the sand-lotters, supernumeraries, scouts; we have read this sort of thing before.

With Act II (if we translate into dramatic terms) our involvement becomes more natural, requires less conscious effort. "Six bad years," the author reminds us, "and six good ones. Six years of drought and six years of plenty." We had almost forgotten, and it is salutary for us to be reminded, for how long Koufax was, in the Woodwardian sense, just another clumsy bastard, with seasons of 2-2, 2-4, 5-4, 11-11, 8-6, 8-13, years when he was called on to start few games, and finished fewer, years when he was shelled out of there in seven, eight, nine, consecutive efforts. The story of these years proceeds with a minimum of excuse making, alibi offering, self-pity—of course, Walter Alston did not understand him absolutely—and an increasing command of the tone and attitudes, if not the full accomplishment, of the professional.

With the years of success, the scope narrows, the intensity increases, the concentration focuses, and we come to identify with the complete absorption of the skilled performer in the detail of his craft. He recalls how, and, more important, why, he pitched as he did to not quite every batter in not quite every inning of not quite every game, but certainly enough so that we get the idea, the feel of it all. Some of this, I have little doubt, is actually remembered, for a great memory is one of the requisites, not only an attribute, of the real professional. More of it is recalled through the keeping of records, the charts of every performance. I do not mean the kind of silly nonsense the radio and TV announcers proclaim—how this is the first time a batter whose name begins with L hit the third pitch in the second inning for a bloop double to right field on the first Thursday in October in the north temperate zone. No; but the relevant record—where the pitches were, high, low, tight, wide, curve, fast ball, swing, take, fouled off, hit to whom, past whom, grounder, line drive, pop-up, shot. Through all this narration we sense not only the skill of the performers—their devotion to the game, the dramatics, comedy, pathos—but also what these men are like; John Roseboro, for example, Gil Hodges, Willy Mays. Above all, we get the sense of delight, of rejoicing; this is what these men really *like* to do, and of course they like doing it supremely well.

Once the reader gets over being irked at George Plimpton's gall in horning in where he does not really belong, his book gives pleasure for the same reasons as the Koufax-Linn job. Plimpton is the editor of the *Paris Review* and in an earlier book, *Out of My League*, he took on baseball. This time the players are football pros, members of the Detroit Lions in the year 1963; the author aspires to be their last-string quarterback, to play, however briefly, in a real game; he does get as far as one series of downs in a pre-season inter-squad exhibition scrimmage, and he is terrible. But nobody cares about him, really; the least interesting parts of the book are those where he describes his humiliations or traumas, or is making himself out a sort of lovable type whom the players more or less deemed a great guy, and even adopted and protected after their fashion. But the sight and sound of the real pros is of major interest—the highly technical lingo of their business, its bruises, its heartaches, its laughs, its tribulations. And Plimpton does a very good job in his treatment of individuals: Night Train Lane, John Gordy, Gail Cogdill, the 300-pound rookie Lucien Reeberg. There's a very moving bit about Earl Morrall, long after practice was over, staying out and throwing the ball around with a bunch of kids, one of them a rascally little thief. "They'd stay until the moon came up—and they'd play by its light," Morrall is quoted, "and I'm not so far from wanting to stay down myself. There are not so many better ways of fooling around." For this, and for much more in the same vein, we can forgive him the impudence, the abundant pictures of his good-looking self, the ignorance of what the word *bemuse* means; and can even look forward (I'd not put it past him) to the next item in the series, where he wants to give us the feel of riding in the Kentucky Derby, what goes on in the jocks's room and along Shed Row, and so gets his 195 pounds on the back of some $1,500 plater, with a 3-furlong handicap, at Churchill Downs on the first Saturday in May.

"They told their stories," writes Lawrence Ritter in his introduction to *The Glory of Their Times*, "with pride and with dignity, and also with joy." *They*, this time, are twenty-two professional baseball players, most of whom played in the major leagues during the first two decades of this century. Tommy Leach, who played third and the outfield for the Pittsburgh Pirates from 1898 to 1918, is the oldest; the youngest is Paul Waner, outfielder for the same club, from 1926-45. The stories were told on tape recorder, and subsequently edited by Mr. Ritter, who does not tell us on what principle he selected the men he did, how he found them, where they live now. (I suppose too many of us might make nuisances of ourselves if we

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knew.) A splendid book, copiously illustrated (the Koufax book might have been improved by more illustration, and the Plimpton book improved by more Lions and less Plimpton in the pictures) and provided, beginning and end, with box scores, headlines, and even ads—Macy's in 1902, was attracting customers in July, before the move to their new quarters in the fall, with offerings of men's bathing suits, two piece, heavy cotton, plain navy, strongly sewed, priced at 59c; and ten years later you could get the Ohio Forty Motor-Car somewhere on 50th Street for $2,150.

But do not think this book is quaint, or its appeal solely to the nostalgic. For myself, whose father was with the Giants in '83, who remembers Bob Emslie visiting our home in Yeadon, Pa., who saw my first big-league games in Philadelphia in 1902 or 1903, a box score with the names of Hartsel, Seybold, Davis, Murphy, Powers, Waddell and Plank is pretty evocative and moving. Lave Cross, 3b, and Monte Cross, ss., were before that 17-inning game with Detroit whose box is photostated in the front matter; Ritter may well expect fan mail from other men the country over whose memories go back as far as mine, or farther.

He brings old heroes back to us, so we see them as they were. Not only that, but as they are now; and, in addition, we see more of what they used to be than we ever realized. "They recreated their lives," Ritter writes, "with warmth, insight, and compassion." With magnanimity and generosity, also; and with literacy. Where Plimpton had us see the Detroit Lions as individuals, through his closeness to them, through what he observed and recorded, our editor here has let the characters present themselves; there is a common idiom, to be sure (there would have to be, considering the vernacular of the craft), and there is a common tendency to use *like* as a conjunction and *ever* as an intensifying adverb. But Marquard does not come out sounding like Snodgrass, or Smoky Joe Wood like Rube Bressler. Some of them are dead serious, some clown it up a little. None of them sounds like a dese-and-dose thug; and Sam Crawford, from Wahoo, Neb., contributes at least one sound item of perceptive literary insight, his admiration for Balzac as a great writer.

"Of course, it's ridiculous to think that only college men are gentlemen," says Harry Hooper, the old Red Sox outfielder, "or are intelligent." But he does go on to remind us that the college-educated man was by no means a rarity in baseball during the first two decades of this century. Of the dozen or so whom he cites, two speak out here, Davy Jones from Dixon College, and Chief Meyers who matriculated under the single name of Tortes, at the age of 22, at Dartmouth.

"And this," he says, "is quoted from Chaucer: once a Dartmouth, always a Dartmouth." Here on the Hanover plain, in the days of the vogue of the anti-hero, trying to instruct his future fellow Dartmouths in epic ways, in the terrifying dilemma confronting Achilles when he must choose between a short and glorious life and a long inglorious one, I am struck by the notion that the Chief and his peers were blessed in having it both ways—the bright renown of their careers in sport, and the relative obscurity that followed. Into that obscurity they had satisfactions to carry, and, one hopes, some preparation for tranquillity and ease. "Life has been good to me since I left baseball . . . things have gone well, very well, through these many years. In contrast, my years in baseball had their ups and downs, their strife and their torment. But the years I look back at most fondly, and those I'd most like to live over, are the years when I was playing center field for the New York Giants." That was Fred Snodgrass; remember him? Or hear Bob O'Farrell, catcher for the Cubs, who came into the league the year before Snodgrass left, and departed in 1935: "Of course, when you play every day it gets to be sort of like work. But somehow, way down deep, it's still play. . . . It *is*. It's *play*."

"Games are childish," our wives remind us, "when are you boys ever going to grow up?" Sure, sure; we know. But why not? To whom else, in our degenerate times, is vouchsafed so happy a combination? — collaboration, rivalry, supreme skill in the craft, joy and pride in the skill, innocence. Not in the solemn professions; not even in the arts; not in trade. Let's turn to Goose Goslin for the benediction: "It was just a game, that's all it was. They didn't have to pay me. I'd have paid *them* to let me play. Listen, the truth is it was *more* than fun. It was heaven."

The Johnson System

LYNDON B. JOHNSON: The Exercise of Power. *By Rowland Evans and Robert Novak. The New American Library. 597 pp. $7.95.*

LYNDON B. JOHNSON AND THE WORLD. *By Philip Geyelin. Frederick A. Praeger. 309 pp. $5.95.*

THE JOHNSON ECLIPSE: A President's Vice Presidency. *By Leonard Baker. The Macmillan Co. 280 pp. $5.95.*

MARVIN E. GETTLEMAN

Mr. Gettleman is assistant professor of history at the Polytechnic Institute of Brooklyn. He has edited Vietnam: History, Documents and Opinions (*Fawcett*), *and is co-author (with David Mermelstein) of the forthcoming* Lyndon Johnson's Great Society (*Random House*).

Writing just before the Presidential election of 1964, Washington journalist I. F. Stone dismissed a whole crop of pseudo-biographies of Lyndon Johnson as little more than sycophantic caricatures. He called for a contemporary Theodore Dreiser to narrate the saga of this legislative wizard and Presidential titan from Texas. Though a new Dreiser has not yet appeared, necessary material is being assembled for him by an enterprising group of Washington journalists.

Leonard Baker, Washington correspondent for *Newsday*, a Long Island daily, has provided a fascinating insider's account of the frustrating thousand days of Lyndon Johnson's Vice Presidency during which the Texan attempted to retain in his new office a measure of the immense power he had wielded as Senate Majority Leader. Although the Vice President enjoys some constitutional authority over the Senate, Johnson's former colleagues resented and soundly rejected his bid early in 1961 to continue participation in the deliberations of the Senate Democratic caucus, a sobering moment for the man who had been such a ruthless manipulator. This humiliation at the hands of his former Senate intimates prepared Johnson for the Vice Presidential role of underling that he was obliged to play—eclipsed by the intellectual style and ambition of the Kennedys.

Baker's decision to begin his study of Johnson's political career with the formal accession to office on January 20, 1961, seriously weakens his account of the thousand days. For Johnson, by that time, already had made his greatest contribution to John F. Kennedy's Presidency as his Vice Presidential *candidate*; his campaigning in 1960 had been instrumental in putting Kennedy into the White House. Once in office, Johnson made little use of his talents to push New Frontier legislation through Congress.

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However, what may be overlooked by Baker's book is admirably made up for in the more ambitious exposé of Johnson's wheelings and dealings by Rowland Evans and Robert Novak, nationally syndicated columnists specializing in attacks on the New Left. Evans and Novak have produced a massive work, more lavish with inside dope and rich in Washington lore than anything hitherto published. The theoretical aspects of their analysis are rudimentary and unsophisticated. The notion that a "single theme, the theme of power" runs through the political career of Lyndon Johnson is a superficial truism that will raise few eyebrows. However, the account of *how* that power was used is the real contribution of the Evans and Novak book.

Close analyses of such episodes as the Senate's censure of Joseph McCarthy, and the Civil Rights Act of 1957 reveal what the authors call "the Johnson System." The System was a subtle amalgam of stratagems, including aborted quorum calls, night sessions, and a planned stop-and-go legislative pace. The System, Johnson found to his regret, was inapplicable outside the Senate, and even in that august body nobody but he could use it.

The System was held together by the periodic activization of a "network" of reliable Senators loyal to Lyndon. It will be a surprise to liberals, who have been wondering how Hubert Humphrey can do what he is doing these days, to find out that early in his Senatorial career Hubert Humphrey became Johnson's pliant satellite. Humphrey was recruited as early as 1952 into a body diverse enough to include Republican Sen. Margaret Chase Smith of Maine, and the Virginia Bourbon, Harry Flood Byrd, who were almost invariably willing to vote as Johnson instructed, and to reap the substantial rewards that he dispensed in the form of patronage, committee assignments and other emoluments.

In writing their book, the authors must have had to give up any hope of being admitted into the inner sanctum of Johnsonian journalistic favorites, of which William S. White is the acknowledged dean. They reveal too much that is damaging. Despite an announced determination to write of the public man, they cannot avoid spilling whole vats of beans which reveal the obsessive vulgarity and immense egoism of the private Lyndon Johnson. Every reader will find his favorite story: mine concerns Johnson's 1954 miscalculation of support for a tax amendment which was apparently beaten by one vote. "The Minority Leader shouted across the Senate floor to the conservative Delaware Democrat, J. Allen Frear: 'Change your vote!' Surprised, almost stunned by the command, Frear hesitated. Johnson shouted again, 'Change your vote!' Frear did, and the amendment carried."

It is by such tactics that Johnson earned the reputation of legislative wizard. But his career was not marked, like that of his predecessor in the White House, by a steady ascent from one triumph to the next. Evans and Novak explore the many detours and frustrations weathered by Johnson. They find the President constantly haunted by his unstable political base in Texas, but able gradually to shed identification with oil interests, with Texas shenanigans, and eventually with the South as a whole, to emerge as a truly national political leader by the early 1960s.

The story of Lyndon Johnson's exploits in foreign policy are related in the closing chapters of the Evans and Novak book. Despite the venom with which they expose his maneuverings in domestic matters, they are sympathetic to what they describe as merely all-too-human blunders abroad. Equally hostile to the style of Johnsonian diplomacy but in favor of its ends is the shrewd account of *Lyndon B. Johnson and the World* by *Wall Street Journal* columnist Philip Geyelin. Early in his book Geyelin quotes Johnson as saying that the trouble with foreigners "is that they're not like folks you were reared with." Both books contain half-mocking descriptions of Johnson's attempts to handle international affairs as if he were dealing with dissident political factions in Texas. (Incidentally, both books err fundamentally in their adoption of the widespread myth of Johnson's "Populist" roots. No use seems to have been made of *Lyndon Baines Johnson: The Formative Years*, published by the Southwest Texas State College Press and written by three Texas State professors, which would have helped in getting the Texas origins of Lyndon Johnson into better perspective.)

As journalistic efforts these books are high-level, serious productions, not to be confused with the spate of superficial biographies and slender accounts of LBJ's "inner circle," or the "Johnson treatment," current a year or so ago. Yet the Evans/Novak and Geyelin volumes may fairly be charged with adopting a level of analysis, especially in regard to foreign policy, that does not advance our understanding beyond that achieved by political practitioners like Johnson himself.

It would be an exaggeration to say that Johnson's policies in Asia and Latin America are actually defended. The barely disguised contempt that these working journalists entertain for the President (Leonard Baker excepted) spills over into hostile conclusions about the ineptitude of his conduct of foreign affairs. Geyelin, for example, laments the Texan's tendency to look upon the Dominican Revolution of April, 1965, as some sort of re-enactment of the 1836 assault on the Alamo. Evans and Novak similarly deplore the way in which Johnson explained his Dominican actions. But the authors seem to support the substance of these actions.

In the case of Vietnam too, Johnson is sympathetically portrayed as responding to an agonizingly difficult situation not of his own making. Geyelin shows how the struggle in the Indo-Chinese jungles was a conflict that no one wanted, but by a series of decisions which seemed unavoidable at the moment, the war became the President's own albatross. Evans and Novak are even more prone to defend Johnson's Vietnamese policy in terms of pragmatic necessity.

Harsh judgments on the methods Johnson uses, but not on the substance of what he does, are the results of a particular mode of inquiry. These books

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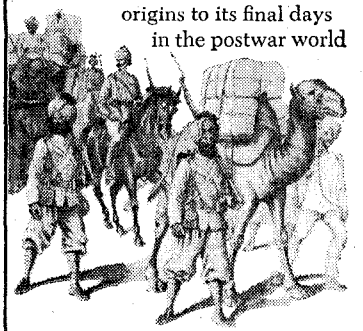

The Colonial Empires

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contain analyses restricted mainly to the elucidating of *how* power is exercised. By this approach, the authors hope to give an air of objectivity to their work. But by confining themselves to the workings of the political machinery and the tactics of its operators, the authors are implicitly adopting the standards of Washington decision makers as their own value criteria. Nowhere in the three books under review do they escape from the confines of their method to ask: *in whose interest is power exercised?* And this is after all the key question.

Sometimes the authors, especially Evans and Novak, have to go to great lengths to avoid dealing with the crucial issue of *interest*. Although they are perceptive in viewing Johnson's Texas political base in terms of the oil interests dominant in that state, they refuse to draw any conclusions from the evidence of concern for Johnson's *national* political career on the part of *national* business interests. Particularly superficial is their treatment of the unprecedented support given a Democratic-reformer candidate by directors of America's great corporations. Evans and Novak view the matter as the visceral "frontlash" of a business community duped into believing that Barry Goldwater was a dangerous threat. No deeper interpretation is attempted because of the dogged determination of these journalists not to stray from what C. Wright Mills has aptly called "middle-level analysis."

A deeper, historical perspective would reveal Lyndon Johnson (Texas idiosyncracies aside) as the mid-20th-century representative of a business-oriented ideology committed to the use of government power for domestic reform, as well as counterrevolution abroad. With this in mind it becomes more difficult to entertain the popular illusion that once the uncouth Texan is replaced in the White House by some more stylish gentleman, our problems will be on the way to solution.

The Dangers of Aid Overkill

WE GIVE TO CONQUER: A New Look at the United States Foreign Aid Program. *By Asher Brynes. W. W. Norton & Co. 219 pp. $4.50.*

SAMUEL L. SHARP

Mr. Sharp is professor of international relations at The American University in Washington, D. C. He is currently in Germany on sabbatical leave.

No, Virginia, Uncle Sam is *not* Santa Claus. This is not a direct quote from the book under review, but the message is there and it may not be a bad idea to puncture once more the notion that foreign aid programs are an exercise in competitive charity. According to Asher Brynes, all unilaterally extended aid, whether by the United States, the Soviet Union or mainland China ("a shabby superpower" itself in need of development aid), is essentially imperialistic, even if "actively profitless." It is imperialistic, he states, because its aim is "to create, maintain, and defend spheres of influence."

Thus the old game of international statecraft is continuing in new forms, disguised as philanthropy. But even this is not really new, as we find out from the author's own review of the historical antecedents of foreign aid programs. The Romans already were in the habit of "relieving the poverty of the barbarians," ostensibly, as Gibbon says, out of generosity or gratitude, but actually to buy clients and allies. What is new, in the opinion of Mr. Brynes, is the systematic and universal scope of American aid programs. Their very globality has "provoked" the Soviet Union and Communist China into similar gestures, although neither is really equipped to sustain such efforts. Hence the Communist powers engage in flashy though limited programs, mostly by jumping in to capitalize on occasional failures of American endeavors, or the frustrations of recipients suddenly cut off from expected subsidies or faced with American insistence on internal reforms.

Because of its wealth, and its traditional belief in the feasibility of progress through deliberate improvement measures, the United States has been engaged in what the author calls "aid overkill," a pursuit potentially as dangerous as the stockpiling of thermonuclear weapons. Brynes is only mildly bothered by the lapses, errors, confusion, extravagance and occasional graft that are part of the execution of aid programs. His central thesis is that by offering aid to a number of poor countries on an almost universal basis, the United States may be backing into a third World War.

If correct, this is certainly an important point to a world capable of destroying itself. However, in spite of his repeated insistence that peace, rather than universal economic betterment, is our main problem, the author somehow buries his argument in page after page of facts and figures, some interesting and well told, some confusing and not quite relevant, and occasionally peppered with errors which, though secondary, tend to undermine the credibility of the more serious things he has to say. After reading and rereading the book, it is still not clear to me what evidence Brynes offers in support of his thesis, except for the truism that competitively extended foreign aid is a form of big-power conflict, and as such fraught with danger. What worries Brynes is that the recipients of aid (or some of them) develop a taste for what a former foreign minister of Ghana once called "polygamous" expectations from all donors, and that even certain forms of developmental aid (not to mention direct military assistance programs) encourage young nations to try small-power violence which threatens the whole world because "small wars have always led to large." So stated, it simply is not true, certainly not "always" (a most unhistorical word). Small wars are indeed bad, but their implication becomes universally threatening only if they tend to suck in big powers with quasi-ultimate means of destruction. In spite of the brittleness of relations between the two superpowers at present realistically capable of destroying us all, the evidence indicates that they are determined to avoid such catastrophic involvements.

The remedy suggested by Brynes is to remove the sting of imperialism by an internationalization of development aid programs, by putting them under United Nations auspices, or using the channel of the World Bank (whose objectivity as against the built-in bias of national American agencies the author seems to overestimate if only by ignoring the World Bank's sources of capital formation and its methods of determining soundness of requests!). Brynes also suggests that small nations in the process of developing be offered what he calls a "peace bonus," under an all-or-nothing rule: "should the peace be broken by any of the developing nations none of them is to get anything . . . until the aggression stops." The United States is in a position to make such an offer attractive, according to Brynes, by announcing the earmarking, say, of a fifth of its defense budget for the bonus, a move that powerfully would call attention to our primary concern for peace everywhere and, but for an occasional compulsive aggressor, keep the smaller nations "cool" through fear of forfeiting any claim to the bonus.

Since the author himself admits that it would be premature to discuss the

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feasibility of such a proposal, his book must be taken for what it represents in essence: a rediscovery of the basic fact of international life under a system of competitively operating nation-states, namely, the intrusion of nonrational considerations and the resulting unwillingness to concentrate on peace as "absolutely good." Like so many nice people, Brynes is impatient with the mere recognition of the impracticability of all-out war, a point of view he finds "plainly . . . insufficient now." Perhaps, but feasible. And fewer people will die from "aid overkill" than from that other variety.

A great deal of knowledge and sincere passion have been invested in *We Give To Conquer*, but it has tried to cover too much and to tie together several themes, such as the questionable wisdom of foreign aid programs as presently administered, and the primacy of peace as a global concern. The connection has not been satisfactorily established.

The author also would be well advised to check some of his facts more carefully. Pilsudski was not "prime minister of Poland" when pressured by Hoover to appoint Paderewski. He was chief of state. Czechoslovakia does *not* include territory that "belonged to old Germany," unless the author means territory grabbed by Hitler and restored to the Czechs after World War II. Nor has the Soviet Union added to its territory parts of "Balkan states" other than Rumania during the war or, for that matter, at any time. To use Brynes's own thesis, small errors lead to big ones, though not "always."

Searching for Kicks

THE ORIGIN OF THE BRUNISTS. *By Robert Coover. G. P. Putnam's Sons. 441 pp. $6.95.*

MARTIN TUCKER

Mr. Tucker is a member of the English Department at Long Island University and is the co-editor of a three-volume reference work, A Library of Literary Criticism: Modern British Literature (*Frederick Ungar*).

When Timothy Leary climbs on the stage of the Village Theatre on Second Avenue in New York, I feel like a romantic Irishman who's with O'Leary in the grave. Tim Leary himself prophesies his downfall, though he is a bit immoderate in urging his parishioners to buy other people's books on psychedelics. When I heard him several weeks ago, he made sure to mention the title of his book in the same breath he warned his audience that the movement would go beyond him.

The movement has grown so fast, as a matter of fact, Leary said with his boyish charm, that "now we're accused of making too much money—which, incidentally, is not true." Leary revealed he had just come back from a visit to Michigan State University, where he had been invited to speak before several fraternities; he had gone from one Greek letter to another instead of from pad to pad. When the rich and the establishment invite you in, Leary was telling his audience, it is an end, and a beginning had better be on the way.

I've started off with Leary and his romantic messianism, because if his is the new religion, its origins are not *that* different from the origins of another—and much more conventional—religious movement, the ferment of hopes and illusion described in Robert Coover's first novel. Coover's subject is a matter more familiar to the average reader, the evangelical fervor engendered in a coal-mining community after a catastrophic mine disaster. While the geography of Coover's novel is removed from Leary's Eastern-based religion, the human territory of both are much the same. Both Coover's and Leary's characters take trips—one to a blissful pot, the other to a mythical Mount of Redemption. Both get high on religion, even if one of the religions is based on getting high *first*. And both are searching for kicks, though one dignifies it with a bath of Christian euphemisms.

All religions are founded by well-meaning people who have a passion to communicate; any effective religion goes beyond its originators to its disciples. The religion Leary has helped to spawn may well move out of his hands into a less tolerant grasp. The Brunists of Coover's novel fell into the clutches of hysteria, exploitation and euphoria before it had its second coming. Even though worlds of socio-economics—and fact—separate the psychedelic and the Brunist experience they have a lot in common.

Coover's literary brilliance is displayed in his first chapter, the description of the march to the sacred place where the Brunists go to meet their final judgment. Through an association of dates and a message left by the Rev. Ely Collins, who died in the mine disaster, the group has come to believe that the world will end on the 18th or 19th of April. On their way to the Mount, the Brunists find they must march through a carnival tent jerry-built to light them up as they pass through; when they reach the top of the hill, photographers and newspaper men swarm over them. In their exaltation over the sister of their prophet, a girl who has just been killed by an automobile—their "Madonna" whose crushed body they have carried to the top of the hill—they sing and dance. They run naked around the dead girl, kissing her dead mouth, "clearly expecting her to rise up off her litter." They grovel in the mud, and whip themselves and one another with tree branches. And finally their energy concentrates on a sacrifice—a newspaper man who has mocked them and deceived their "Madonna." They kick and whip him, stomp and crush him.

And then they disperse. The Last Day is followed by every other day.

Coover's first chapter is followed by the past—by an investigation into the causes of the rise of the Brunists. The "origins" began on an average night when hundreds of men descended into the coal pits outside West Condon. One of them was a recruit, an 18 year old, on his first day on the job. His new and pressed dungarees, his clean appearance, annoy one of the men who organize a party to initiate the "dude." The "dude" is rescued by a has-been, a man who once had chances to blow the coal dust away by going into the big world of basketball; in the "dude"

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he perhaps sees his own lost hopes. But while the under-30 has-been is able to rise to a crisis, he is not able to face gratitude. When the "dude" thanks him, the older man shrugs it off and lights a cigarette. The roof falls in, and ninety-seven men die. Only one man, Giovanni Bruno, survives.

Bruno had wandered away from the others because in his panic he feared others might block his way to escape. His fear saved him. When he is found and carried aloft, he is considered a message from God, a savior.

The first of Bruno's supporters is a quack, who through her occult readings is convinced that though her Guide inconsiderately forgot to foretell her of the disaster, He does speak to her of Bruno. Another is the widow of the Reverend Collins who died in the blast. The legion grows—all who are looking for a message, a communication. The movement envelops the local prostitute, the meek man full of subterranean rage, and teen-agers looking for an unconventional release of expression. And last but not least it tempts its mockers. The hero of the novel is Tyger Wilson, an ex-basketball ace who runs the town newspaper and regards every enthusiasm with a distrustful leer. Wilson seizes his opportunity, inveigles himself into the group, and writes reams of lurid copy on the Brunists for the wire services. But in gaining his story, Wilson undergoes a kind of conversion. His laughter is interrupted by doubt; in the prophet's beautiful sister he finds an innocent who has no area of corruptibility. Wilson destroys the sister by his cynicism and saves himself for a larger, more tolerant view of humanity.

The strength of Coover's novel lies in his wide range of human characters, his perceptiveness of their paradoxical nature, and his scope in painting a small town. He can capture a group scene beautifully; he can detail a revivalist meeting with accuracy and without gimmicks. What he fails to do is establish a central character who can carry the weight of the novel's tremendous detail. Tyger Wilson's cynicism and his downfall and his salvation are all worked out in fairly sentimental terms. His love affair with Marcella is believable but unconvincing. And his final decision to stay in the town he has mocked and denigrated—to make peace with his "origins"—is right in conception but wanting in execution.

In his insights into the passion for communication, the need for wonder, the love of surrender—whether in the Hindu sun, the tent camp of a coal-mining town, or the psychedelic pad—Coover has created a novel worth reading and displayed a talent worth watching.

The Old New Wave

LA MAISON DE RENDEZ-VOUS. *By Alain Robbe-Grillet. Translated by Richard Howard. Grove Press. 154 pp. $4.50.*

SOL YURICK

Mr. Yurick is the author of the novels, The Warriors (*Holt, Rinehart & Winston*) *and* Fertig (*Trident*).

Robbe-Grillet is a brilliant writer who is tiresome; he has written four novels that are stylistically indistinguishable; only the subject changes. His newest novel is again a textbook of ambiguity, a budget of slight coincidences which turn out to be literary exercises on how to shift perspective. As in all detective stories we are supposed to enjoy not so much the solution, which Robbe-Grillet makes sure will be banal, but the act of detection. This five-book indulgence amounts to tedious didacticism, the manual writer demonstrating how to do one small thing superbly.

The setting this time is Hong Kong, but it might be the glamorous Hong Kong of the jaded mind. There are prostitutes, Communist agents, entrepreneurs in dreams and flesh, drug traffic, voyeuristic theatre (which is life which is theatre in which the author is the audience who are the actors who in life . . . etc.); perversion (or then again it might be anti-perversion); murders, interchanges of people and events. All this takes place in a brothel called the Blue Villa or "Le Grande Monde": how heavy-handed. The *Maison de Rendez-vous* is merely located between the boards of the book.

All literature attempts to pique interest by the device of the mystery. The entertainment mystery conceals the human agent. The philosophical mystery hides a revelation. Conrad, dissecting an onion, sought to find mystery in a code of behavior which was already outmoded. Faulkner learned from Conrad and badly digested Joyce. Beckett, trapped in the ennui of ambiguity, almost disappeared in wordplay. Now Robbe-Grillet. It has been said by mystics that the universe is a sphere whose center is everywhere. For Robbe-Grillet the universe is a sphere whose surface is everywhere; there is no center, and therefore he can only mystify. Or possibly Robbe-Grillet's novels are really only notebooks: the author getting ready to write, trying out the variations. The writer in Camus' *The Plague*, who couldn't get past the first sentence, has triumphed after all; his indecision has been made into a new wave of art.

Is it a new wave? Are we given a new theory of reality? The scientists have already shown us that all experiments must take the observer into the account of results. In this sense Robbe-Grillet succeeds only in being fashionable. We all know that motivational certainties are subject to a variety of amusing or horrifying interpretations. We quiver to the excitement of the possible. Here Robbe-Grillet trails those old conservatives, the therapists. But can we deny that something has happened in fact and this is the most important thing of all? The brutal world of engineer-reality mocks gamesplay. The policeman's night stick—no matter from how many angles it is viewed, or even if we doubt its very descent—is not even slowed, and Zeno's paradoxes are knocked out of the bemused and impotent head. Possibly, therefore, Marx, denying idealism, understood fiction best of all. Is the new wave that far behind?

With his fine mind, this meticulous craftsman must be writing about something profound! Possibly Robbe-Grillet has set out to inform us that the acts which give body to the great mythic processes are unimportant? He has not succeeded. The possibility of insight and cathartic growth is denied by the use of elegance, ritual, mask and attitude alone. How carefully he works to flatten the effects of sensuality, passion, dirt, violence, so that we may be intrigued by a stylization reminiscent of medieval symbolic painting in which the lineaments of agony are more important than the agony itself, in which sense-data become pale reflections, more important to observe than to experience. Possibly Robbe-Grillet is trying to tell us how trivial human experience is. Such a commentary might be tragic if he were concerned with pain instead of shading shape-shifting abstractions with residues of emotion. Jorge Luis Borges, who is also intrigued by variations, transcends this decadence by his concern for the human within the gamesplay: the comparison demonstrates how shallow is Robbe-Grillet's dogmatism.

Richard Howard has translated this puff with elegance and musicality.

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THEATRE / Harold Clurman

"No conflict, no drama" is a classic axiom. It seems to be borne out even today when the conflicting forces are not readily identifiable. Protagonist and antagonist appear to merge. *Avant-garde* plays reflect (I can hardly say "dramatize") conditions rather than situations. A man in a state of collapse is in a "condition"; if he does something to recover, or if someone comes to help him, we have a situation. The lack of purposive action makes many contemporary plays on the whole less interesting to wide audiences than the older drama. It is in the nature of humankind to act, and once you begin to do so you are likely to encounter hardship, hence conflict. That is why drama interests us: we participate in its "stories." Quiescent drama is rarely rousing. Yet even in such drama there is some implicit conflict: the conflict may resolve itself to the difficulty of staying inactive.

I have been thinking on these matters because many of the plays I have recently been reading by would-be playwrights are little more than yammers of prostration in which four-letter imprecations are hurled against nothing in particular —not even destiny or God—and I have come to the conclusion that the artists who most firmly hold my attention are those in whom the conflicts they depict arise in the first place within themselves. When such conflicts are settled once and for all, when the warring elements within them are completely subdued, they have for me very little of interest to say. Peace of mind in the artist is gratifying only when we realize the desperate struggle that he has gone through to achieve it. And even then we must not be certain that the battle has come to a full stop.

The impression we gather from most of Ibsen's critics is of a grim and resolute moralist. He was a dogged and implacable warrior who knew what he wanted. When so presented on the stage, he becomes gray and slightly dull, worst of all, "old-fashioned."

There can be no question about it: Ibsen was a severely logical artist. He came of age in the heyday of scientific rationalism. This was the weapon with which to annihilate the hierarchy of bugaboos. He would give no quarter to the constriction of social-ethical notions that no longer corresponded to the facts of the industrial era. He was going to batter falsity down with moral and intellectual rigor. He wasn't joking about it.

Such characters now strike us as unsympathetic, insufficiently human. We prefer greater flexibility. Humor, we believe, is the saving grace. Chekhov maintained that Russian actors couldn't play Ibsen because Russians (those in Chekhov's time at any rate) were more vulnerable, softer, less consistent—delightfully or frantically bewildered. Compared to characters in Turgenev, Chekhov or even Gorky, Ibsen's people are unyielding.

But just as we are eager in our theatre today to discover the comedic aspects of Chekhov's plays so that we may not suffer their intrinsic sadness, so we are beginning to look for Ibsen's lighter side. In both cases we fall into error. For Chekhov's laughter arises from tenderness and compassion; it is not escape from pain. It is an embrace of our total human experience in which the tragic and the comic are complementary, the two being more semantically than substantively differentiated.

Comedy in Ibsen is a symptom of a laceration in Ibsen's spirit. Chekhov smiles because he forgives and accepts. Ibsen is tougher; he is too "logical" for such an attitude. He is fighting all the time, and—this is his pathos—he is generally fighting himself. He says "either, or." Since neither the one nor the other quite satisfies him because he contains both, his laughter is harsh, a godlike judgment, proud and inexorable. Ibsen is relentless, constantly punitive. Neither Chekhov nor Ibsen is "funny."

In a little-known play, *Emperor and Galilean*, Julian the apostate says: "The old beauty is no longer beautiful, and the new truth is no longer true." Throughout his life Ibsen was haunted by a vision of grandeur which was being destroyed and had to be destroyed, while he felt trapped in a world which diminished manhood. He was torn by the conflict between justice and love. He sought the ideal and demanded the practical. He was divided by contrary impulses, and each of his plays is the justification of one or the other of his urges: Christianity and paganism, aristocracy and democracy, individualism and socialism.

Brand insists on self-abnegation and wrecks everyone as well as himself. Peer Gynt wants to be triumphantly independent and constantly compromises with all that stands in his way, finally becoming attenuated into a dry and empty shell, waste matter for the Buttonmolder. Hedda Gabler, a general's daughter, desires a life of glorious splendor and finds herself reduced to a middle-class housewife. Solness dreams of building towering mansions but succeeds only in constructing ordinary dwelling places. In devotion to his art, Rubek in *When We Dead Awaken* renounces passionate fulfillment through the love of a woman and finds that in doing so he has failed both as artist and man. Gregers Werle in *The Wild Duck* pursues truth unremittingly in the belief that it will save, only to find that it may ruin.

All this may explain something about the APA production of *The Wild Duck* at the Lyceum. It is decent and intelligent enough. It is not so trim a

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Riding out the nothing war,
The nothing books, the nothing years.

HARVEY SHAPIRO

production as that of *Right You Are* because the latter is, for all its twists and turns, a simpler, more linear play. *The Wild Duck* demands far more from its actors.

The weakling Hjalmar Ekdal, your "average man," and his sensible peasant-like wife, both brilliantly drawn and on the whole comedic figures comparatively easy to project, never fail to register. But Gregers Werle, presumably the butt of Ibsen's criticism (directed, it may be, against himself), carries the real challenge of the play, and it is rarely met in performance. The reason is that directors try to make a pathetic caricature of him. His idealism is naive to the point of folly; his motivation neurotic. But though there is a certain mockery in Ibsen's portrait of Werle, he must not be made petty. (Dr. Stockman, the "enemy of the people," may also be given a humorous touch as a fumbling innocent, but in the end he must retain something of the heroic.) The bourgeois realist Ibsen was ultimately interested in nothing less than the grandiose: his "cottages" are really cathedrals. The weakness of the APA production—and one should not be scornful of it on this account—is that its Werle is a slight, almost an inconsequential, personage.

Werle may be cramped, even a little absurd, but he is still Ibsen and, despite all, a mighty being. For what does Werle say about himself as the curtain falls: that he is forever destined to remain "*the thirteenth man at the table.*" Yes, says Werle-Ibsen, I may be a troublemaker, a spoil sport, even "crazy," but my function is incessantly to go on clamoring for the truth and the ideal, even if I never attain them or am never able to ascertain their exact nature.

I have seen *The Wild Duck* in many different productions. It is still worth seeing at the APA-Lyceum.

Debonair and cultivated Michael Flanders is attractively sophisticated in humor; Donald Swann suggests a state of embarrassment because of what he understands but will not utter, while he seems at the same time to be quite pleased by this condition and hopeful that it may go unnoticed.

At the Drop of Another Hat is not "theatre," though it is housed at the Booth, and is more than ordinarily agreeable. Matisse once said that he wished his paintings to be as restful as an armchair. Flanders and Swann provide us with an armchair which keeps us alert and rested. They make excellent hosts.

By an error for which he was not responsible, Harold Clurman was made to refer to Miss Cecil Dawkins as "Mr." in his column of January 16. The editors apologize to Miss Dawkins and Mr. Clurman.

FILMS

ROBERT HATCH

The problem in reviewing Lincoln Center's four evenings of New Cinema (week of January 15) is not to let irritation with the pompous *avant*-institutional presentation rub off on the works themselves. Most of the films shown (in the first two evenings, which were all I could attend by press time) are capable short works (from three minutes to half an hour) and would embellish any commercial showing that needed a little padding of the feature. But many of them are not new in the literal sense and none that I saw offered any inventive or artistic novelty. The occasion seemed to be a celebration of the unremarkable. Janus Films, the co-sponsor, was given a gold-plated send-off for a series of packages it intends to send out on the college circuit; Lincoln Center once more gave the impression of sweating to fill its real estate.

On the first evening, I actively disliked only one picture, *Corrida Interdite*; and that partly because the cult worship of torturing bulls to death offends me, and partly because I am tired of the device of running film at reduced speed and calling the effect ballet.

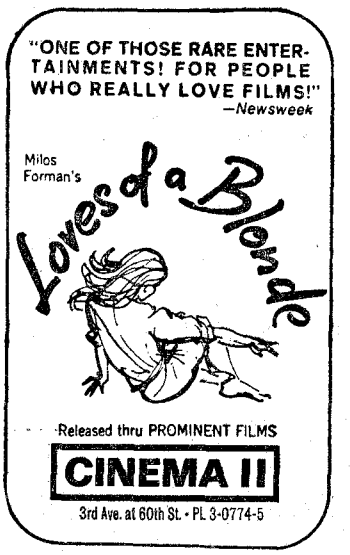
The program offered two animated cartoons—*Enter Hamlet* (U.S.) and *The Do-It-Yourself Cartoon Kit* (England) that were funny at a sight-gag level, and a very short (three minutes) fable in line, *Two Castles* (Italy), that was a wry comment on human tomfoolery. It was probably the best moment of the evening.

Renaissance (by the Polish Borowczyk, but produced in France) reconstructed the corner of a living room that had been destroyed by a hand grenade by running the film backward, and *Allures* (U.S.) was an abstract fireworks display that made me wonder how much you would have to pay for a really good kaleidoscope. The program note refers to the "overwhelming emotional effect" of *Renaissance* and finds in *Allures* "the subliminal rhythms of the inner cosmos," which is saying a lot for a couple of routine, if skillful, trick films, and shows how exciting the trade of blurb writing can be.

The three larger offerings, the mini-features of the first evening, were by François Truffaut, Roman Polanski and Chris Marker; all three were made in France. In *Les Mistons '67* (*The Mischief Makers*), Truffaut weaves the summer idyll of a gang of pre-adolescent boys plaguing a young couple in love. The children are beautifully directed in the style of a host of French films that have learned from *Generals Without Buttons*, the lovers behave as though they were well aware that their embraces were being spied upon, the ending is mawkish (arbitrarily sad). This pleasant banality is made endurable by the punctuation of Truffaut's wit.

The Fat and the Lean (Polanski) is a parable about how we skinny dopes slave to take care of you fat slobs, while all the while our eyes yearn for Paris on the horizon. Two tramps enact the pantomime, Polanski himself playing the lean one with much gymnastic virtuosity. It was repetitious and ponderously obvious, and I kept wishing that people would let Beckett make his own films.

The evening ended with *La Jetée* (*The*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Deck) which Marker may intend to carry a timely message but which gets tangled in a sleight of hand about time. The film begins and ends at Orly in the present tense, but the main action takes place after World War III, and concerns the desperate efforts of the doomed survivors to send a messenger for help into the future or the past. There is a small romance in the misty-melancholy tone of Robert Nathan, there are a few eerie moments, mostly occasioned by hypodermic needles and futuristic eyeglasses. The denouement should be guessed early by anyone with a working knowledge of time travel.

At the second evening, the audience threatened to mutiny during the projection, surprisingly enough, of a film describing the execution of a set of doors for St. Peter's, Rome. The combination of Carlo Levi's portentous text, John Huston's unctuous voice, a grandiloquent score and the hammy notions of the artist, Giacomo Manzu, as to how the rigors of creation might most effectively be enacted provoked hoots, boos and ironic applause. Janus representatives in the house no doubt reported back to the home office that this picture is a non-starter.

Also on the bill was an animated rendition of Beckett's *Act Without Words* (France), which employed a Tinker Toy puppet in the solo part and thus destroyed the meaning of the piece —man's defeat by a dehumanized society.

The jewel of the evening was *The Most*, Ballentine and Shepard (Canada), which is the now-famous 1962 documentary on Hugh Hefner, his philosophy, his girlie empire, the sycophants who surround him. Hefner, his fanatic's eyes glittering, avers that he is the Scott Fitzgerald of his decade and by any normal definition a genius. The half hour catches him putting out *Playboy*, apparently with the help of a secretary, a cleaning woman and a model, and presiding over an orgy of what he calls sophisticated relaxation at his Chicago town house. The liquor flows, the girls wiggle, the bathers gambol in the subterranean pool (I was alarmed by the absence of a sober lifeguard), and the hired hands testify that they "love the guy."

The key to a man like Hefner (Huntington Hartford is another, as a rollicking TV profile once proved) is that he does not demand the instant destruction of the film. Indeed, he "performs" himself with a fatuous self-satisfaction that reduces an audience to gasping, incredulous laughter.

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